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THE LEADWAY. By LIONEL EDWARDS

# COUNTRY LIFE

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**SQUASH**. A REMINDER for after the war. JACQUES SQUASH RACKETS give satisfaction. Hand made by craftsmen. JOHN JACQUES AND SON, LTD., makers of fine Sports and Games Equipment since 1765, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

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**THE RECENT CHUBB QUESTIONNAIRE** sent to customers has provided excellent data which will add to us to render a more valuable post-war service. We extend thanks to all who co-operated.—CHUBB & SONS, 68, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

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**FOR SALE**, VERY ATTRACTIVE LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUND RED BITCH, 6 months old. To good country home as companion.—MISS J. STRAWSON, 69, Broadway, Kettering.

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**PEDIGREE YELLOW LABRADOR PUPPIES** for sale. Breeding, train, condition and colouring first class. All information from MAJOR B. HAMILTON, Manor Farm, Cleveley, near Enstone, Oxon. Tel.: Enstone 66.

**PULLETS, PULLETS, PULLETS**. Come and see our 6/- months old at point of lay; if you cannot manage, write us your requirements. Satisfaction guaranteed.—FERLANDS P.F. Chertsey, Tel.: Chertsey 3252.

**RED SETTER Bitch**, pedigree, 11 months, house-trained, for sale to good country home; price 15 gns. view near Sevenoaks.—Box 682.

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**TABLE POULTRY**, best white fleshed, heavy breed, 5 weeks old cockerels for easy home fattening. (No heat required). 5/- each. Also 5 weeks old pullets R.I.R. x L.S. best Accredited stock 7/6 each. Carriage paid, live delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Cash with order.—STUART, Framlingham, Suffolk.

**TO GOOD HOMES ONLY**. Saluki Pups, coursing stock, creams and whites.—LADY GARDNER, Spencers, Maidenhead, Berks.

**TO GOOD COUNTRY HOME**. Extremely handsome young Spaniel Dog, golden; house-trained; reliable with children; not gun-shy.—MAJ. HALLIDAY, The Brown House, Forest Row, Sussex.

## GARDENING

**CHASE CLOCHES** are the proved best way of doubling and trebling output, getting an extra crop each season, ensuring fine vegetables the year round. Immediate delivery. Write for details.—CHASE, LTD., The Grange, Chertsey, Surrey.

**GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED** Sherwood Cup, Chelsea Show, 1927. Note new address.—GEORGE G. WHITELEG (of Chislehurst), Nurseries, KNOCKHOLT, Kent.

**HAMBLEDON HILL FRUIT FARMS**. Growers of all the best Apples, Pears, Plums, Black and Red Currants, and Gooseberries. We can supply immediately, at a price a few pence only above the above. Poultry: Rhode Islands, L. Sussex, and Indian Game. Each year, January to March, all orchards must be cleared of poultry. We therefore sell all pullets and cockerels, March hatched, now laying, of all the above best strains, from 30/-. Eggs for hatching, 12/6 a sitting.—Details from H. H. FRUIT FARMS, Childe Okeford, Blandford, Dorset.

**HARVEY'S SEEDS** always please. Send 1d. stamp for our 1945 Garden Seed Catalogue—flowers and vegetables.—Special terms for food production clubs, allotment societies, etc. Also Market Growers' List sent free on request. Seed specialists over 50 years.—J. P. HARVEY & CO., LTD., Oxford Street, Kidderminster.

**LYNORAGANT**. The Organic Soil Dressing which supplies abundant humus to the soil. Replaces Stable Manure and ensures the best results from future application of fertilisers in the garden and on the farm. 3 cwt. 10/-, 8 lb. 5/-, 4 lb. 3/-. Add 1/- per cwt. for carriage on smaller quantities. Reduced prices for bulk orders for farm purposes or large areas; prompt delivery.—Further particulars from: CORNISH FISH PRODUCTS (LONDON), LTD., Alexandra Dock, King's Lynn.

**MOTOR MOWER SPECIALISTS**, DALE-JONES & CO., 81, Little Albany Street, London, N.W.1 (Euston 5215), offer from stock, subject to being unsold, rebuilt Motor Mowers, 12in. to 36in. cutters. ATCO, RAYSONE, ROTOCUTHER, AUTOCUTTER, FLEET ELECTRIC, GREENS, QUALCAST, etc. Send particulars of your requirements. MOWERS BOUGHT, SOLD, EXCHANGED, AND OVERHAULED.

**PAVING STONE**. Quantity Old London York rectangular Paving Stone for sale.—WILLIS, 24, Stilehall Gardens, Chiswick, Tel.: 3358.

**VEGETABLE AND Flower Seeds** of QUALITY—we do the experimenting, not you!—W. J. UNWIN, LTD., Seedsmen, Histon, Cambs.

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**BLACK VELVET RIDING CAP**, girl's size 6 1/2 or 7, wanted. Good condition.—(ILLIAS) GALLUP, Temple Cloud, Somerset.

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**CLOTHING**—MISSES MANN and SICKLE-TON pay high prices for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit clothing, Fur, Linen, Silver, Old Gold, Jewellery, etc., offer of cash by return for consignment sent. Tel. 1899.—FERN HOUSE, Norbiton, Surrey.

**EGYPTIAN**, Greek, Roman Antiquities purchased. Private museum.—ARTHUR DAN, NATT, 68, London Rd., Forest Hill, London, S.E.23.

**FRIGIDAIRIES**, Hoovers, Washing Machines, Radios, any condition, purchased.—Write to phone SUPERVACS, 23, Baker St., W.1. (Tel. 9822) Wel. 9388; 53, High St., Slough (Tel.: 2995).

**GOLDFISH, GOLDEN CARP, ORF** or RUDD wanted for ornamental ponds.—PABURY, 12, Fairfax Road, London, N.W.6. Phone: Primrose 1856.

**HARDY OR FARLOW FISHING REEL**, 3 1/2 in. diameter. State condition and price.—Box 687.

**JODHPURS** wanted, to fit girl 14 and boy 9. Also jodhpur boots size 5, wide fitting. Must be in excellent condition. Jodhpur boots size 13 for sale, or part exchange perhaps. No coupons.—REYNOLDS, Apple Tree Cottage, Devenish Road, Sunningdale.

**LADY'S RAINCOAT** or MACKINTOSH wanted, fawn, size 34-36 bust. Must be in excellent condition. No coupons.—REYNOLDS, Apple Tree Cottage, Devenish Road, Sunningdale.

**N.B.—YOU GAIN** by selling your car to a large firm of repute, Eustace Watkins, Ltd., pay high prices for good modern cars, all makes.—Details to EUSTACE WATKINS, LTD., Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3, or phone Flaxman 8181.

**PIANO ACCORDIONS** in great variety, 12 to 140 bass, stamp with requirements. Will also purchase any of the above, fullest particulars and price required; cheque by return.—BOTTER-ILLIS, Music Department, High St., Canvey, Essex.

**POSTAGE STAMPS**. Rarities of all countries wanted for cash; also really good collections. Don't send, write first, SEPI, PEMBERTON AND CO., LTD., Licensed Valuers, Leominster.

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**SHOTGUNS**. Wanted hammerless ejector guns of best quality; highest prices paid; send for inspection and offer. CHURCHILL, Gun-makers, 32, Orange Street, Leicester Square, London.

**SHOT GUNS, WANTED TO PURCHASE**, condition immaterial if capable of repair. BEST PRICES paid for any kind of 12b. Send for inspection; immediate return if offer not acceptable.—CHARLES RIGGS & CO. (Proprietors of E. M. Reilly & Co., est. 100 years, 22, Wornwood Street, London, E.C.2. Write for Gun and Crop Protection lists.

**SILVER CIGARETTE CASES**, Paste, Marca site, Cameos, Diamonds and all Jewellery. Gold Necklets, Guards, Lockets, Charms, etc. Silver Plate; exceptional prices paid. Offers with cash by return.—MILLER, Jeweller (Dept. C.L.), Liandrinod Wells, Bankers: Barclays.

**TENNIS BALLS**, half dozen wanted, new or second hand. State price.—LUND, Elkerker House, Everingham, Yorks.

## SITUATIONS VACANT

Subject to Government Restrictions

**GARDENER AND ASSISTANT GARDENER** wanted for Chislehurst, Kent. One good house provided. Apply, with full particulars and experience, etc., stating wages required to SHEARER, Inglewood, Chislehurst, Kent.

**GIRTON COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced women gardeners for the post of Garden Steward, with responsibility for the upkeep of about 50 acres of gardens and grounds, including large-scale growing of vegetables. Academic particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, to whom applications for the post should be sent before April 10, 1945.

**VACANCY, TWO PUPILS** (girls), April, milk and dairy mixed farm. Recorded, T.T. herd and milk. Approved farm training for Agric. (Agri. and Dairy) and National Diplomas. Excellent modern accommodation, with herdswoman, £22/- per week.—MISS POTTER, Tremore, near Bodmin, Cornwall.

**WANTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE**. Farm Manager for Home Farm about 1,800 acres, with Attested Pedigree Guernsey and Friesian Cows. Good qualifications and practical experience in large-scale dairy and mixed farming essential.—Apply in writing to COWDARY ESTATE OFFICE, Midhurst, Sussex.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

**ESTATE MANAGER**, first-class agriculturist. Age 44, with 20 years' experience of estate management and upkeep. Management of bloodstock, pedigree and commercial herds of cattle and pigs. All crops and cultivations, and machinery. Sixteen years present post. Good house with modern conveniences essential.—Box 675.

**YOUNG MARRIED MAN**, experienced T.T. dairy farm management, full control, ploughman, tractor, seeks post as herdsman, bailiff, or other interesting post in agriculture.—PHILLIPS, Dunchideock, Exeter.

# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVII. No. 2512

MARCH 9, 1945



*Harlip*

## MISS M. J. V. MALCOLM

Miss Margaret Jane Venetia Malcolm, Third Officer W.R.N.S., is the elder daughter of Major Sir Michael Malcolm, Bt., Scots Guards, and the Hon. Lady Malcolm, Milton Lodge, North Berwick. Miss Malcolm is to be married to Lieutenant Christopher Robert Vesey Holt, R.N.V.R., elder son of Vice-Admiral Reginald and Mrs. Vesey Holt, 67, Park Mansions, Knightsbridge, S.W.1



# COUNTRY LIFE

## EDITORIAL OFFICES:

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN,  
W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London  
Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

## ADVERTISEMENT AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:

TOWER HOUSE,  
SOUTHAMPTON STREET,  
W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 4363



The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad 2d. Annual Subscription rates, including postage: Inland and Abroad, 86s. 8d.; Canada, 84s. 6d.

## DISTRIBUTION OF INDUSTRY

THE Distribution of Industry Bill means that the Government have accepted the responsibility placed upon them by the Royal Commission, of influencing in the interest of the nation as a whole the geographical siting of new industrial undertakings, and are taking the first steps in that direction. Apart from the financial powers it provides to stimulate industrial development in what are henceforward to be known as "development areas," the Bill contains a general provision by which the Board of Trade must be notified of every proposal to erect anywhere in the country industrial buildings with a floor space exceeding 3,000 square feet and forming part of a new industrial unit. Permission of the Board will be required in any area where the provision of further premises "would be seriously detrimental to the proper distribution of industry." A great deal will depend on the meaning attached in practice to these words. We have been prepared by the White Paper on Employment Policy for the choice of the Board of Trade as the "single channel through which Government policy... can be expressed." On the other hand the White Paper recognised that "no single department could conveniently undertake the responsibility for formulating and administering the policy" of distribution as a whole. The Board could be, in fact, no more than the predominant partner in a regional reorganisation in which the Ministries of Health, Agriculture, Transport, and particularly of Town and Country Planning would have equally important parts to play.

Of this realisation that national planning—like peace—is one and indivisible, there is no sign in the Bill, which leaves the whole business, apart from local planning restrictions, to the Treasury and the Board of Trade. The new constitutional doctrine that specific Government departments, apart from their representation in the Cabinet, should not be compelled by Parliament to formulate and administer policy in common, will no doubt be invoked to justify this, and we shall be told, as Lord Woolton told the House of Lords last November, that no doubt the various Departments concerned will "achieve co-operation." Is this enough, in a concern so vital to all of us as the mutual adjustment and integration of every side of national life? The Bill has, however, the basic merit of recognising that the business of reconstructing urban and rural life is one of preserving and re-creating our communities by the wise planning of homes and workshops. It is not easy for the ordinary man to realise the interdependence of the many other factors involved unless he is prepared to read through the pages of the Barlow, Scott, and Beveridge Reports. But he may gain a very vivid sense of their reality by looking at a new publication, *Maps for the National Plan*, prepared by the

Association for Planning and Regional Reconstruction and published by Messrs. Lund Humphries. This book consists of 37 maps of the country, each depicting some economic, physical, or social characteristic and each map is accompanied by appropriate passages from one or other of the three Reconstruction Reports.

These maps bring statistics to life and give one a visual appreciation of the problems involved, though, of course, it is necessary to keep carefully in mind the numerical factors which determine the pictorial representation. Two maps, for instance, entitled *The Old and the Young, 1911 and 1931*, illustrate, very forcibly, Sir William Beveridge's contention that provision must be made for "the large and growing part of the population that will be past (in twenty years) the normal age of productive service." It is, however, the increase of longevity and not—as might appear—the decrease in fertility which is the controlling factor. The existence of "rural slum" conditions is clearly illustrated in a map of overcrowded dwellings which shows the gravest overcrowding not in the great industrial districts but in such remote districts as Anglesey, Pembroke, Ross-shire and the Hebrides. Perhaps it is not so strange that "Tuberculosis 1937-38" shows the deepest shade of hatching in the same areas. The Employment and Industrial Distribution maps show clearly the problems of adjustment and decentralisation to be faced and altogether the volume shows how hopeless their solution will be without a united and concerted effort of reconstruction on the part of all the Ministries concerned.

## THE POET'S TESTAMENT

*I HAVE sought Beauty all my life,  
In all her strange mysterious ways;  
Through joy and sorrow, peace and strife,  
In sullen nights, and golden days.*

*And I shall something beauteous make,  
Created slowly, from the heart;  
To stand against the claws of Time,  
Still on the earth, though I depart.*

BASIL ASHMORE.

## REIGATE PRIORY

SATISFACTION that Reigate Town Council decided at the eleventh-hour to acquire the whole Priory estate will, we trust, not prove to have been premature. The Corporation's option to purchase was due to expire on the day following their unanimous decision, which could have been taken years ago, although the proposal has hitherto been almost unanimously rejected. Normally the purchase price, £67,500 could have been obtained by a loan from the Treasury, but unfortunately a loan for such a purpose cannot be sanctioned during the war. Discussions for joint action are therefore in progress with the Surrey County Council which, in the past, has shown itself liberally inclined in the preservation of important amenities—for example by its acquisition of the Norbury Estate in the Boxhill gap. In view of the expiry of the option, application has been made to the mid-Surrey Joint Planning Authority to zone the whole estate as an open space. There is some doubt whether this course is practicable in the time available. Undoubtedly the widespread indignation that so beautiful a property, with a stately and historic house, should be in effect destroyed, has been largely responsible for the Reigate Council's change of heart. The reason why the situation that has arisen was not foreseen, and preservation measures were not taken sooner, is probably to be traced to the Government's delay in clarifying the whole question of compensation in connection with local authorities' acquisitions for planned amenity.

## FARM RECONSTRUCTION

THE admirable study of country planning problems involved in a single small rural area which was issued recently by the Agricultural Economics Research Institute at Oxford contains a very useful discussion—with actual examples from the area of survey—of the possibilities of farm reconstruction with the aim of making the holdings more compact, accessible and convenient, of arranging that the plough-

land should be all in one piece and that farms should be large enough to admit of mechanical cultivation. Naturally the examples show the need for compromise, for it is not to be expected that all these requirements could be met on every farm. Apart from that, the authors admit that in the process of re-designing a satisfactory layout so as to produce only farms of 450 acres and upwards, great disturbance would be caused to landowners if agricultural efficiency were made the prime motive. Would it be possible, without detracting too much from the advantages of such schemes, they ask, to lessen the disturbance by drawing the boundaries of the new farms in such a way that no owner would have his land partitioned more than it is at present? In other words, could each new farm be planned so as to consist of a group of properties, the owners of which would be the composite landlord of the new farm? It is clear that to postpone the execution of such plans until existing owners parted with their interests in the ordinary course would be to defer action indefinitely and some kind of disturbance must be faced. This is, of course, only one among many problems of rural reconstruction attacked against a solid background of facts by the Oxford Economists.

## INTELLIGENT QUESTIONS

WE are told, and are very glad to hear, that there will be a great incursion of American visitors to this country after the war. There is one way in which many of us might prepare for it, namely by furbishing up our knowledge of our local lions, which too often, when put to the test, turns out to be general rather than particular. Our guests, like Miss Rosa Dartle, "ask for information," and we sometimes feel ashamed of how little we can give them. At Cambridge, where many American soldiers spend their leave, it is pleasant now and then to meet parties of them listening with rapt attention to learned guides. It is hardly possible to enter King's without finding two friends mutually photographing one another with the Chapel as a towering background. The fountain in the Great Court of Trinity is also a favourite for this purpose. One soldier being shown the lovely court of Queens' has been heard to say, "In my country when we have anything old we pull it down and build something useful," but he was emphatically an exception to prove a rule. In other parts of England he would have been made to feel more at home in that respect. Most of us could with profit, and indeed with no little enjoyment, brush up our topography by reading, say, Augustus Hale's delightful books, or even the older editions of Murray's *Guides*, to mention no more up-to-date volumes, some of which are as entertaining as erudite.

## CATS

SOON after clothing was first rationed, one London cat was seen to be wearing a label stating that 66 coupons would be required for its extremely fine fur coat. The jest has, however, an unhappy side. So long ago as 1921, the decrease of "gutter cats" in New York was remarked on in consequence of a popular fashion for Summer or cheap furs; and it is known that in London, in the early days of black-out and evacuation, large numbers of domestic cats were stolen and killed for the sake of their pelts. The subject is of topical interest because, when arrangements were recently being made between the Board of Trade and the fur trade for the manufacture of utility fur coats, the Board refused a request that the use of domestic cat skins be prohibited. The truth is that domestic cats lack the recognised status which dogs have, and that is why such societies as Our Dumb Friends' League would like to see a cat tax introduced. While there are certainly arguments against, yet, if taxed and compelled to wear a collar with a name and address, an owned cat would be "somebody"—and the collection and humane destruction of ownerless strays would be simplified. A writer in the current *Journal of Animal Ecology* estimates the number of cats in large towns at a minimum of 13 per cent. of the human population, and of those 13, some two or three are strays, which gives a total of five to six millions.





J. Hardman

PLOUGHING IN THE SNOW: FIRBANK, WESTMORLAND

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

**A** CORRESPONDENT has sent me some records of birds seen during that mysterious period between the middle of August and the beginning of October, when there appears to be a game of general post in the bird world. It is not only the foreign migrants which disappear at this time, but all the garden birds as well, including even those regular-attending robins that have their private beats by the dining-room window, the poultry-food shed and other reliable restaurants. At the same time one sees in certain places big gatherings of a hundred or more of some purely British species, and notices in the same spot three or four days later an equally big flock of another variety.

There is a bare shoulder of high moorland here, swept clean of high cover by a forest fire some three years ago, which seems to be a favourite assembly-ground for our recognised migrants, and also of our indigenous birds, as on one day I saw a long line of swallows on a war-time electric light wire, and beneath them the ground alive with linnets, fluttering here, there and everywhere among the heather. The next day they were all gone, but a week later the same scene was enacted, though this time the birds on the wire were house-martins, and those beneath meadow-pipits. It would seem almost that in the early Autumn all the birds report at some mysterious headquarters for orders, and are then posted to their new stations, or re-posted to their old ones. Or do they just take the children away for a holiday and change of air before going out into the great world?

**M**Y correspondent reported seeing on a water-cress bed in Sussex that which is, I imagine, a more or less unusual sight, our three wagtails—the pied, grey and golden—together by the waterside. None of these birds is in any sense of the word rare, but they are local in their habitat as a rule, and do not mix; also the golden, unlike the others, is a Summer visitor only.

Disporting themselves over the same

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

water-cress bed, my correspondent says, were a pair of kingfishers anticipating Spring with an amatory chase up and down the water-carriers. Or did he see two pugnacious cocks disputing the riparian rights on a good minnow fishery?

Another correspondent, from the Middle East, describes how he has seen kingfishers frequently during the Winter months on the sandy barren shores of North Africa, and asks if this bird is a migrant. Officially, according to ornithologists, and like so many of the varieties seen in that part of the world, he is not a migrant, but I have never heard any satisfactory explanation as to why certain individuals of our native birds do go south across the Mediterranean. Among those seen regularly are not only our kingfishers, but such recognised all-the-year-round birds as robins, chaffinches, greenfinches and blackbirds, and there are others.

**I**N these Notes some time ago I mentioned, among the jobs of other men which I have coveted, the Commissionership of the Egyptian Debt which is, or was, a sinecure, necessitating only the signing of about four documents a year. A correspondent in a letter says that my remarks suggest that I must have known Harry Farnall, who held the post until 1929; and this is quite correct. Harry Farnall was a well-known character and, once met, never forgotten. Of him Sir Ronald Storrs in his engrossing book, *Orientalism*, writes this description: "Farnall combined, with the features and expression of a praying mantis and the clothes of a Regency

beau, a heart of gold and an outlook encyclopaedic in range."

The first time I saw Harry Farnall, whom later I came to know very well, was shortly after my arrival in Egypt, when on a hot and sleepy afternoon I was seated on a bench at Giza, waiting for the tram to take me out on my first visit to the Pyramids. When one is keyed up to view ancient monuments which date back thousands of years, one is in a mood to wish the mystery of the time dimension could be solved, and that one could glide back on the tide of centuries to see men and things as they were in the far-off days when the blocks of stone were first laid.

\* \* \*

**I** MEDIATELY I had half-dozed off in the close heat of the stuffy afternoon as, when I opened my eyes again, I knew I must have gone back up the river of years to at least the days before the Suez Canal was opened, and when Indian officials drove across Egypt in four-in-hand coaches to go aboard the P. & O. ship to farther East.

A tall and extremely thin side-whiskered man was standing in front of me, and on his head he wore a streamered topee of weird shape which, from a photograph of a great-uncle in the family album, I recognised as belonging to the days of the Indian Mutiny. His short high-waisted coat, with its jutting tails, sloping shoulders and high roll collar, belonged to a period prior to the topee, while his extremely tight strapped pantaloons were Regency, as was the stock entwining a collar with exaggerated points. The whole queer outfit was finished off by a pair of very high-heeled boots of extraordinary shape, which vaguely suggested Jacobean, or, at the latest Marlborough's, times.

At that moment the electric tram, which I had imagined would not be invented for at least another 80 years, rattled in, and, as the quaint period piece took a seat in it and not in a high-wheeled cabriolet as I expected, then it was that I realised that, despite the evidence of my eyes I must be still living in the twentieth century,

# THE LEADWAY

Written and Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS



I.—WINTER ON THE LEADWAY: A PONY PACK-TRAIN

I know not how the truth may be  
I tell it you as 'twas told to me.

**T**HERE is in Northumbria, from Allendale to the sea, an old road, parts of which are still in use, but in many places it is only a grass-grown track through the heather, which never encroaches on it to any great extent, thus leaving it still clearly visible. Where the track descends into a hollow it divides into many parallel ways, as is the habit of pack roads, the reason being that when in Winter a track became too deep in mud, a fresh one was started alongside, to be abandoned in turn as it became hock deep. Where it descends a very sharp decline the track became a watercourse. Unlike most pack ways, this one does not appear to be flagged with stone, as far as I could see, although I saw only one portion of it. This road, called the Leadway, goes from Nenthead to Allendale, to Emly, to Headley, and so to the docks at Newcastle—some thirty miles or so.

The export of lead has been going on since Roman times, although I think there is little direct evidence of these particular Allendale mines having been worked by Romans, but as much of the country near "the Wall" was so mined by them it is fairly safe to include the Leadway.

In any case there was some foreign race who centuries before Rome was built traversed our country in search of precious metals, leaving evidence of their presence in many places, including Northumbria. Dr. Rendall Harris has shown that the Watling Street is derived from Wat RA—the way of RA, the sun, and many other place names have Egyptian origins. This Leadway crosses the Roman road called Dere Street—that great road that goes north by Catterick, Scotch Corner, Eborchester (in the Derwent Valley) to Whittington down to the Tyne, crossing at Corbridge and so on by Woodburn to Edinburgh.

Local farmers call the Leadway the Galloway Carrier Track, as ponies in the north are called Galloways, or Galls for short. The lead was carried by these Galloways on pack saddles to the docks at Newcastle, and these ponies were presumably the forerunners of the Fell and Dales ponies of to-day. The metal was carried loose in bags to be smelted at various places *en route*. The lead bars or ingots were then put into slotted leather bags, each pony carrying eight stone on each side. I read somewhere that they carried two to three cwt. No wonder their descendants are still marvellous weight-carriers!

Travelling by pack was greatly dependent on the weather, as far as time was concerned, speed being greatly reduced in Winter. The time taken in soft going, and the extra food to be carried for the Galls, on each journey meant lighter loads, slower travelling and a greater number of ponies in use. (It is recorded that the Leadway was a pack pony track and used through the fourteenth to eighteenth centuries.)

In early days the lead was presumably washed. Mr. Charlton tells me he has seen an old lead washing plant on the Devil's Water. It was merely a lot of water running over big trays and a pounding weight. The running water carried away everything lighter than lead, and it was in fact exactly like the old Klondyke gold-washing plant. There is in Hexhamshire (a shire you may not have heard of; I hadn't anyway!) a place called Smelting Syke and another called Smelt Mill. Both syke and mill indicate the use of water. Water was not only cheaper, but a lot more plentiful in the Allendale district, where there would be only peat, and a little timber. At any rate, presumably far back in Roman times, owing to the fuel difficulty, washing was generally used in preference to smelting.

The old Romans must have been a tougher race than the Italians of to-day. Although the

bulk of the garrison on the Wall were foreign auxiliaries, Batavians, Tungrians, Dacians, Asturians, Thracians, Moors and Gauls, probably their officers were Romans, and they not all drawn from Northern Italy. How the unfortunate Italian from the south must have hated our northern Winters! There were two Cavalry regiments stationed on the Wall, one of which is referred to on a gravestone at Hexham:—

To the Gods—the Shades FLAVINUS  
Standard Bearer of the Cavalry of  
the White Troop, 25 years of age  
and 7 years service is laid here.

Besides riding horses there must have been great numbers of animals used in chariots, and still more used as pack animals. It is noticeable that the Fell ponies of to-day, at any rate the stallions, are a very definite type. They are inclined to be Roman nosed, and have rather a long head. To me they suggest little Eastern blood, but descent from some northern animal, such as a Stone Age horse of foreign type as depicted by the earliest of artists (who were much more observant than most of their successors!).

The skulls of horses found at Newstead (a Roman frontier station north of the Wall, near Melrose) show several distinct types then in use. Some of the foreign auxiliaries rode a 14-hand pony whose bones suggest quite high caste Arabians, but there were also others—long, low ponies 12-13 hands with big bone and broad skulls (Forest type), and a smaller, clean-limbed lighter pony (Celtic type). One supposes these ponies were indigenous to Britain. So perhaps our Fell pony has very ancient lineage indeed, and was the actual animal used for pack purposes by the garrison of the Wall (which is 73 miles long from Wallsend to Bowness and is said to have had a garrison of ten thousand men). In much later time, but still in early days of lead mining, the smelting sites were

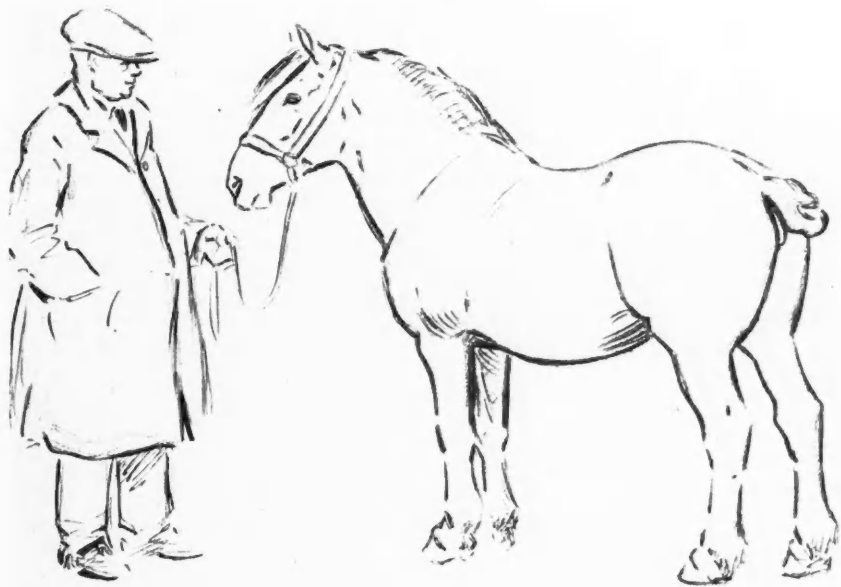


within easy reach of tidal waters, and little difficulty was experienced in shipping to London and bringing back food, etc. There was a smelting mill where Blaydon railway station now stands, 4 miles west of Newcastle Central, on the south side of the Tyne and on tidal waters.

Fuel, as before mentioned, was a great difficulty in early days, but Blaydon (then Ryton-on-Tyne) had coal on its doorstep. The last of the smelters to operate was one at Rookhope, where the ores from Boltsburn mine were smelted. This was also the largest producer in England, and finally closed in 1916. The other large mill was at Langley Castle, built by Greenwich Hospital in 1767. It was closed in 1887. The London (Quaker) lead company, 1692-1905, had some of its mines up in the Tynhead area, a place still remote, and often inaccessible in Winter. Ore was carried over 35 miles of wild moorland by pack-horse train to Ryton, food being carried back from Newcastle, along with mining tools, clothing and other necessities, by the same ponies.

These pack-trains remained in use until the main road system was completed about 1826, but ponies were used in remote places far later. All the old carriers used pack-ponies instead of waggons. For example, all the fuel used in Kendal was brought in that manner, and for many years the wool from the hill farms was also brought on pony back. A pack-train (Fig. 1) was made up of some twelve to thirty ponies moving single file behind a bell mare, which had a set of bells in the middle of her collar and three small special bells on each side. Tradition has it this was for warning of their approach on narrow roads when passing would be difficult. Whether anyone still has a set of these bells I do not know, but most of the pack-horse bells were smelted down when the traffic ceased.

It is now a long time since the last of the pack-trains travelled on the Leadway, but their descendants, the Fell and Dales ponies remain with us, although sadly reduced in numbers from many causes, not the least



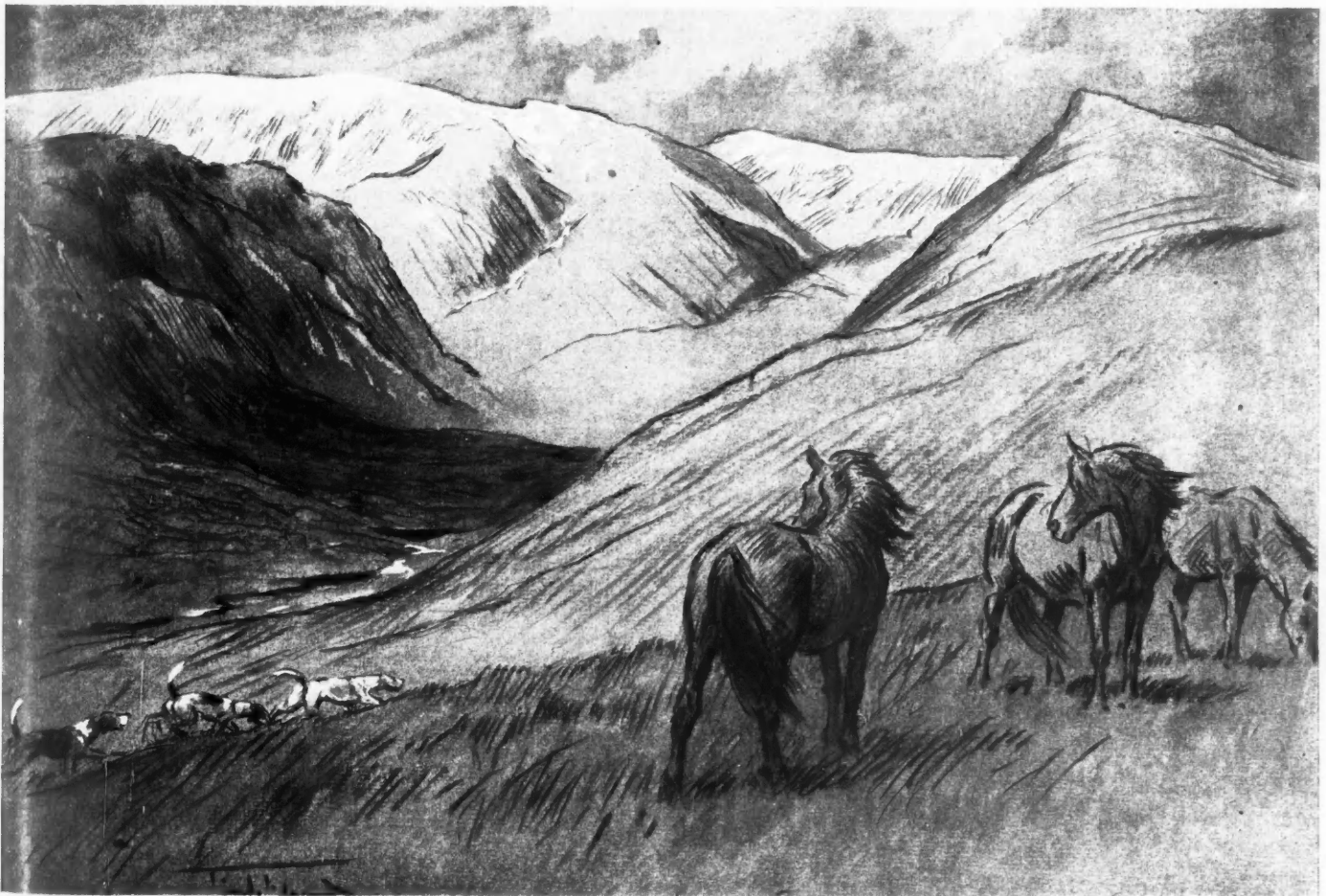
2.—DOLLY, A DALES PONY

being the number sent abroad during the last war, which also almost extinguished that most useful animal, the Welsh cob.

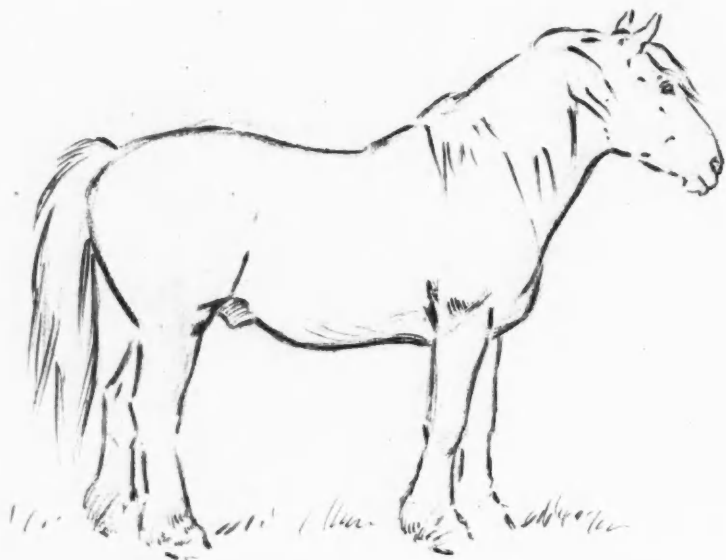
The Dales ponies (Fig. 2) are the small farmer's ideal horses, and there is considerable demand for them. The Fell type (Figs. 3 and 4) have, I think, a more restricted market because they are smaller.

As pack animals there are not enough for war purposes (the Norwegian Government thought of buying them, but were deterred by the insufficient numbers). 13.2 is distinctly on the small side, but they have great weight-

carrying capacity and therefore should make the ideal shooting pony to go from beat to beat, or on to the tops for grouse or deer. To go round the farm or inspect forestry they are more particularly the 16-stone rider's ideal heavyweight hack, for, although a bit short in front when saddled, they are active, quick walkers and unsurpassed at negotiating queer places and steep descents, and with a most good-natured temperament, suitable for both the aged and the nervous rider. In addition they make a very useful animal to put between the shafts of a governess car, and would make nothing of



3.—FELL PONIES WATCHING HOUNDS ABOVE HAWES WATER



4.—A FELL STALLION. Linnel Lingcropper  
Winner of the Championship, London Show, 1931-32, and first, Royal, 1935

pulling along the largest family with the stoutest of governesses!

The Fell and Dales breeds in these days have rather diverged in type. The Fell stands about 13.3 hands and the Dales about 14.3, the latter being more stocky—a smallholder's ideal cart-horse and worth at the present time about seventy or eighty pounds each. The principal sales are held in Co. Durham,

while Barnard Castle and Bishop Auckland are the great breeding centres to-day. The Dales ponies used to run on the hills, but are now usually stabled, having become a bigger animal with a strong Clydesdale cross in their make-up.

The Fell pony is smaller and rather more the riding type, colour black or brown—more rarely grey, and never chestnut.

It is safe to say that you might have to

go a long way to find a Fell pony in the Fells, as the local farmers have been tempted by higher prices to sell their entire stock, largely for use in milk delivery in cities. There are nine in the National Trust property at Gowbarrow, but I failed to discover them myself. Being short of time I could not go very far from the road. There are, I believe, Fell stallions standing at Bampton (Hawes Water), Threlkeld, Appleby, Troutbeck (Westmorland), Middleton-in-Teesdale and a particularly good one at Todridge on the Roman Wall. Many of the Fell ponies have become, in my opinion, a bit "harnessy," the reason being that Fell farmers do not ride and are ignorant of the type required for riding. Such little handling as the animals get before sale is invariably in harness. But the majority get no handling at all and are sold in the rough, being driven in herds to Appleby and there put into pens and handled for the first time. What smart, well-mannered ponies they can be turned into was well seen at the Windsor show, when Princess Elizabeth showed a Fell pony in harness which was deservedly an easy winner. This pony was the daughter of one of Mr. Charlton's Fell mares, and incidentally the sketches illustrating this article were made from animals at his stud (the Linnels, near Hexham), with the exception of the one made at Hawes Water, where, qualifying my remark about the scarcity of Fell ponies in the Fells, I nevertheless saw a small herd up above the lake.

From a national point of view I have always been given to understand that the object of keeping the various pony breeds pure was to ensure hardiness of constitution and freedom from unsoundness, upon which foundation you can cross-breed anything you please. I admit I have not taken a great deal of trouble to find out what the various pony breed societies are doing about it, but I understand the New Forest at any rate seem to have solved the problem of keeping that breed pure, as they keep their registered stallion in an enclosure and turn the mares into it, thus ensuring that they receive no attentions from base-born lovers.

## IT'S THERE I WOULD BE

WE caught the early bus, which ran between sea and mountain, to the Bloody Bridge, which is called after an old battle fought there and is now an ivied ruin over the stream beside the new granite bridge. Visitors are not always acquainted with local history, and one English singer, over for the annual festival, when asked by his host whether he had yet seen this bridge, replied that he had not, adding gamely that he had spent his only free afternoon knocking a Bloody Ball about the golf course.

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To-day thick fog hid sea and hill but, when we got out of the bus, a tinge of blue overhead promised clearness on top. We climbed the walled track with foghorns moaning below and thinning cloud ahead. The two boys tested each frozen puddle, from opaque cobweb-patterned cat-ice which tinkled underfoot to the thicker clear ice which echoed dully to heel kicks and, when lifted, was found to be contoured on its underside like hills of glass. But this ice was clearer than any glass and these model mountains glittered like frozen light. Progress was slow, for the younger boy has never forgotten one page of his nursery's alphabet book which ran:

I is for Ice  
Which nobody tasted  
And so it was wasted,  
All that good Ice!

Little by little the mist thinned and the last farm up the mountain, whence a woman came with a bowl of dough in her floury arms to see what the dog was barking at, was quite clear. We stood and looked down on the silent sea of cloud which idly lapped the hillsides and crawled up and down the gullies on lazy eddies of air. From this whiteness we turned to the silent peaks above, bright in a sunlit world of rock and heather and rushing stream far removed from the hidden world below and the hotel that is our war-time home where the children shrewdly observe all who come and go and comment loudly on their appearance. The younger boy, who was hoping to meet a mountain fairy to-day, in a sweeping attack on what he calls "lipstick

ladies" once said: "God wouldn't know half the people He'd sent down, would He?"

We climbed on, still in shadow, but drawing nearer the light with every step. At last it touched our heads and crept down inch by inch till we stood in full sunlight on the col. By the sunny side of the wall on top we sat and lunched, taking great mouthfuls of sandwich in hungry silence. To right and left the wall, like a narrow Hadrian's Wall, climbed and dipped as far as the eye could see, dividing the basking south from the shadowy frozen north. Cloud still filled the valleys and all one could see of earth were the grey hump-backed summits. We sat and munched in sparkling sunlight and the elder boy, having learnt how to set the map by the sun, picked out the peaks and recited their names and heights.

To the west lay the Castles, weathered walls and columns of granite where we once hunted for the local black diamonds and brought back bright hexagonal specimens which were carried about the person ever after in pocket-wrecking tins and produced at times for further inspection under the magnifying glass or for surreptitious testing on glass or other bright surfaces.

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With the edge off our appetites we now began to feel cold, so, shouldering the rucksacks, we started the final ascent on top of the wall which was wide and flat enough to walk on, though at times it was steep as a staircase. The hewn stones glittered with minute frost crystals, soon to be melted by the sun and in their own way as miraculous as those other quartz crystals, rattling even now in their tins and never to be melted again till the end of the world. Urged on by the sight of snow, near the top we quickened our pace and just as we reached the cairn, and the first feathery snowball had been thrown, a fighter pilot, who had been zooming around the mountains for some time, elected to "dive-bomb" the summit. As the plane rocketed up again the wind of his slipstream swished over the stones like a ghost in pursuit and sounded so solid that we instinctively flattened ourselves against the wall.

Down once more he came and swung up on a half roll to disappear into cloud. Though climbing and flying seem far removed, both take a man among clouds which whirl past in transparent gleam or wrap him in their folds or hide the earth from his eyes under a silver fleece. In both an error of foot or hand may bring death, and in a ski-run the earth seems to rush up to meet you as fast and the wind to scream as shrill as in the steepest dive.

With a modicum of fellow-feeling I watched that pilot continue his aerobatics, but I wished he would leave these rocks to their ancient peace. There are too many bits of wrecked aircraft on the mountain already—fragments of twisted metal, sweated out of the earth by man, moulded to the bird-like shape he desired and then dashed by some error of judgment or trick of wind or cloud on to these dizzy rocks which, themselves smashed up many millions of years ago, smash this latest toy into little pieces. Not much was left of my own burnt 'plane in the last war, but I still have the maker's name plate somewhere at home. Such relics proclaim the puniness of man and his works in an age which leans to the other extreme, a truth known at least to all those who work with the elements.

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A shrill cry roused me, and I saw the younger boy approaching with a huge jagged slab of ice in his arms, which slab was duly shattered at my feet, for of course the whole joy of picking up ice is first to lick it—like the King in Cinderella's dream ball who said: "None touches till one royal lick has been taken"—and then to break it into as many bits as possible. It was ice all the way down the north-east face and an ice-blue sea below with one star beginning to twinkle over the claw-like mole of the tiny harbour, and the hillside rang with the laughter of our uncontrollable descent.

Like all happy days this day of sun and cloud haunts me now, in my enforced absence, with bitter-sweet memory. For my heart is there with the singers who sing of the Mountains of Mourne that sweep down to the sea.

G. R. S.



# ROCKALL: THE MOST LONELY ROCK

By SETON GORDON

THREE hundred miles west of the Scottish coast and 183 miles south-west of St. Kilda, the nearest land, Rockall climbs from oceanic depths. It is shaped like a haystack falling rather to one side, and the summit, no more than 70 feet above sea level, is whitened with the guano of birds. At its base the rock has a circumference of about 250 feet. From a distance it is said closely to resemble a ship under full sail, for which it has often been mistaken. Almost always the Atlantic breaks ponderously upon it, as though seeking to engulf this obstacle to its great waves.

The old Celtic name for Rockall was *Rocbarra*. Martin Martin in his *Voyage to St. Kilda*, published in 1698, mentions that the crew of a vessel which foundered off Rockall succeeded in reaching St. Kilda.

Martin's account of the matter is as follows: "When the shipwrecked mariners came in a pinnace to St. Kilda, they were plentifully supplied with barley bread, butter, cheese, solar geese, eggs, etc. Upon their landing they pointed to the West, naming Rokol to the inhabitants, and after that they pointed downward with their finger, signifying the sinking and perishing of their vessel."

When the shipwrecked crew had recovered their strength, they decided to continue their voyage to the mainland of Scotland. Their craft was so low, that they thought it safer to heighten the pinnace all round by a foot of canvas. In Martin's words: "They began to work at it upon Sunday; at which the inhabitants were astonished, and being highly dissatisfied, plucked the hatchets and other instruments out of their hands, and did not restore them until Monday morning."

Fifty years ago the Rockall Bank was a favourite fishing-ground for smacks from the Faeroe Islands, because of the big cod and halibut found there. Steam liners now make the long voyage to Rockall from British fishing ports. I happened to be on the quay at Stornoway, in the Outer Hebrides, when one of these liners on passage to Rockall put in to buy herring bait for her lines. The skipper told me that it took him 23 hours' steaming to reach Rockall from the Butt of Lewis. He had never been able to land on Rockall, but had seen the crew of an Aberdeen steam liner land there. He also said that there was a bird seen on and near Rockall that was found nowhere else in the world, and that the fishermen called it the Rockall Jack. I wondered if it might be that oceanic wanderer the great shearwater which in the Northern Hemisphere Summer frequents the waters around Rockall, yet, so far as is known, nests only on one of the Tristan da Cunha group of islands in the Southern Hemisphere.

It is indeed possible that the great auk once bred here, but the great shearwater, breeding as it does in deep burrows in peaty soil, would not have found Rockall to its liking, for, swept as the rock is in Winter (and even at times in Summer) by heavy seas, it is devoid of soil, of grass, indeed of any plant except, perhaps, a few lichens.

Rockall is believed to be the smallest area of dry land in the shape of island or rock, at so great a distance from the nearest land, to be found anywhere in the world. The St. Paul's Rocks, which lie on the Atlantic almost on the equator and which, from their favoured situation, are throughout the year tenanted by a succession of nesting seafowl, come next to Rockall in size. Rockall forms the highest part of a submarine plateau, some 150 miles long and 50 miles broad: between it and the Outer Hebrides is a great sea abyss with soundings from 1,000 up to 1,600 fathoms. Indeed, although Rockall is distant from the nearest point of Iceland at least 470 miles, the depth of sea between it and Iceland is less than half what it is between Rockall and Britain.

Few persons have landed on Rockall, and of those few still fewer have climbed to the top.

Indeed no geologist, botanist, or ornithologist has ever stood on the summit, and thus nothing is certainly known of the birds that nest there, nor of the lichens that perhaps grow there. That the rock serves as a resting-place, and perhaps a sleeping-place, for several species of birds during the Summer is undoubted. Several observers have reported gannets standing on or near the summit, but these gannets have been in the early Summer and not in August or September. The young gannet grows slowly and, as is well known, does not fly until early in September. Did the gannets nest on Rockall they would still be there in September, and it is thus almost certain that they use the rock as a resting- and not as a nesting-place. But that they should rest here is in itself of interest, since the gannet does not usually perch on any rock except that on which it nests. Rockall seems to be the one exception that proves this rule.

No doubt crews of Faeroese fishing-smacks landed on the rock from time to time. It was said that Captain Johannes Hansen of Thors-havn landed there in 1887 and filled a boat with seabirds' eggs, but this report was denied ten years later. It was apparently not Hansen, but Daniel Davidson, first mate of the sloop *Dolphin* who made the landing in 1887 and climbed to the top of the rock. He reported that he had found "a large number of sea birds" and that "every spot which afforded a place for a nest was occupied." The birds, he said, were so tame that they could be caught by hand. From his description the birds were in all probability guillemots; the word "nest" need not be taken too literally.

The most complete and careful census of Rockall birds is that made in 1896 by the expedition of R. M. Barrington and Harvie-Brown. Twice during June of that year the expedition sailed from Ireland to Rockall, but on each occasion stormy weather prevented a landing, although the expedition's vessel stood in sufficiently closely to the rock for the observers to see a colony of upwards of 250 guillemots crowding the only ledge on which they could lay (this ledge almost encircles the rock a short distance below the peaked summit).

Although no eggs fell into the sea when the birds were disturbed by the firing of a gun, it is likely that they had not yet been laid, for the northern form of the common guillemot is a late layer. It was unexpected to see among the guillemots a gathering of upwards of 30 puffins, some of them sitting in holes apparently caused by weathering in the face of the rock—but only resting and not breeding there.

Of the ten gannets that were observed either resting on the rock or flying round it and fishing in its immediate vicinity only two appeared to be adult birds.

Numbers of kittiwakes were on or near the rock, but without exception were immature birds. One of the kittiwakes was observed carrying in its bill to the rock a long shred of ship's waste. To a casual observer this would have been sufficient evidence that the bird was nesting, yet it was carefully watched through binoculars, and was seen to be without doubt an immature bird.

Immense numbers of shearwaters were observed on the water on the Rockall Bank, and in the light of the remarkable discovery of that distinguished naturalist R. M. Lockley, who found by ringing experiments that shearwaters from his island of Skokholm habitually flew to feed during the nesting season all the way to the Bay of Biscay, six hundred miles distant, it is possible that the Rockall Bank is a feeding-ground for the great colonies of shearwaters on the Hebridean island of Eigg, and also on the Faeroe Islands.

Coastal Command aircraft cruising over Rockall during the present war have verified some of those early observations of 1896. These passing aircraft have sometimes reported gannets present on the rock, and sometimes absent: they have made almost certain the fact that the guillemot colony lays eggs there, and their close-up observations seem to show that there are few, if any, suitable nesting ledges for the kittiwakes that are undoubtedly present throughout the Summer.

Sooner or later some fortunate ornithologist will stand on Rockall's summit on some fine day of June or July and will set at rest the last doubts regarding the bird population of that lonely rock. Atlantic weather is the main difficulty which the expedition will have to contend with, for one of the best authorities on the rock believes that on not more than two or three days in the course of a Summer can a landing be effected. Even in fine Summer weather the Atlantic swell almost always breaks upon Rockall. Its western side, being quite perpendicular, can never be scaled; the other sides, too, are almost precipitous, and it is probable that the ascent can be made only from the north-east.

So far as I am aware, the most recent expedition to set foot on Rockall was that of Charcot, who lay off the rock in exceptionally fine weather in his exploring vessel the *Pourquoi Pas* on his passage to the far north-west a few years before the present war (his vessel was lost with all hands during a great gale on his return passage while off Iceland). But for some reason those who landed did not climb to the summit, contenting themselves with taking away with them pieces of the rock. It may of course be that only an expert climber would be able to climb Rockall, but so far as I know, there is none now living who has achieved the feat, and thus the difficulties of the ascent can only be conjectured.



UNCONQUERED ROCKALL, 183 MILES FROM THE NEAREST LAND



## COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

(Left)  
A PORTION OF SIR J. REYNOLDS'S  
MRS. SHERIDAN AS ST. CECILIA  
*See Question: A Picture of Angels*

(Right) THE HENRI GRACE A DIEU  
*See Question: Famous Ship as Badge*



### A PICTURE OF ANGELS

**I** SHOULD like your opinion on the pastel, of which I enclose a small photograph. I know where it has been for 50 years, and when it was bequeathed to me I was given to understand it was a valuable picture.

The colouring is exquisite, the background a wonderful duck-egg green-blue. It is so much like a Greuze that I wonder if it is an unsigned piece of his work. I understand that members of his family also painted in his style. The size is 15 ins. x 20 ins.—E. M. AVENELL, 15, Littledown Avenue, Bournemouth, Hampshire.

A copy of a portion of Sir J. Reynolds's famous *Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia*. It was of these angels that Fuji (we believe) said: Sir Joshua has made a mistake. He has made St. Cecilia (Miss Linley, Mrs. Sheridan, the lovely *cantatrice*) listening to the Angels; he should have made the Angels listening to her.

### FAMOUS SHIP AS BADGE

Any information would be most welcome regarding the enclosed photograph of a ship model. It is composed of latten or a light-coloured brass, now of course black with age. The dimensions are:—Length, 21 inches; height, 26 inches; width, 2½ inches. The

weight is approximately 60 lb. and the metal has been cast.

The model has, curiously, been designed without a bowsprit and is obviously meant to represent *Henri Grace à Dieu*, as comparison with the well-known print of her in her rebuilt state in 1545 will show. The yards were apparently fitted "cockbilled," I understand a sign of mourning. Could it possibly have been designed to fit in a niche above a monument? And if so where? The ring bolts are a modern addition, and otherwise the model is untouched.—R. J. BROOKE-BOOTH (Commander R.N., Retd.), Land O' Nod, 17, Nightingale Road, Hampton, Middlesex.

We are informed by the National Maritime Museum that the cast was probably made as an embellishment for a naval shore establishment. During the commission of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, the *Henri Grace à Dieu* served as a badge and several representations of a conventional design of the ship were to be found on or around the College buildings prior to its amalgamation with the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.

### AN ARCHITECT'S SKETCHBOOK

I have in my possession an old architect's notebook, pocket size, with the name Thomas Cundy, 1816. In it there are some beautiful little plans and sketches of various country houses, to which alterations were being made.

One interesting page shows five different sections of glass-houses, for Lord Carrington, at Wycomb Abbey, and gives the different designs for vinery, peachery, cherries, figery and greenhouse. Other interesting sketches are those of Stanley Hall, sections of library at Hewell Park, stabling at Tottenham Park, etc.—A. ANDREWS, The Elms, Llandaff Road, Cardiff.

This is a typical pupil's notebook, and must have been executed by Thomas Cundy while he was in his father's office. When students were serving their articles in offices, they kept a notebook in which they drew the jobs which were in hand at the time. Several such notebooks exist, an excel-

lent example, very similar to this one, being that made by George Repton when he was in the office of John Nash, now in the Library of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The Cundys constituted a dynasty of architects connected with the Grosvenor Estate. Thomas Cundy the elder was born in 1765. Thomas of the notebook was the eldest of his three sons, and served as surveyor to the Grosvenor Estate from 1825 to 1866. His principal works were Hewell Grange for the Earl of Plymouth, Tottenham, now Savernack, Park for the Earl of Ailesbury, the ballroom of Grosvenor House, and several London churches including Holy Trinity, Paddington, and St. Michael's, Pimlico.

The drawing of glasshouses is unfortunately not reproducible, but those of a Regency sideboard and of a charming stucco house called Brixton Lodge indicate the quality of the drawings.

### TIP-UP TABLES

Further to a Collector's Question of December 1, 1944, Mr. R. W. Symonds, of Bramley, Surrey, writes:—

I am especially interested in the variety of the "tip-up table" referred to that has a dished top and is decorated with engraved brass and mother-of-pearl inlay. Because so few of these tables have survived, and because all those that I have seen—probably half a dozen—bear the same stamp in the execution and quality of the inlay and are made from the same peculiar coloured, close-grained mahogany, I consider that all came from the same workshop; and were made for a brief period only till their production stopped, for their design shows no evolutionary changes.

In fact the following announcement in the Daily Post of May 22, 1738, explains the production of these tables so appropriately as regards description and date, and the abrupt cessation of manufacture, that it seems very much within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Hints was the actual maker of all of them and the originator of this particular form of inlaid decoration.

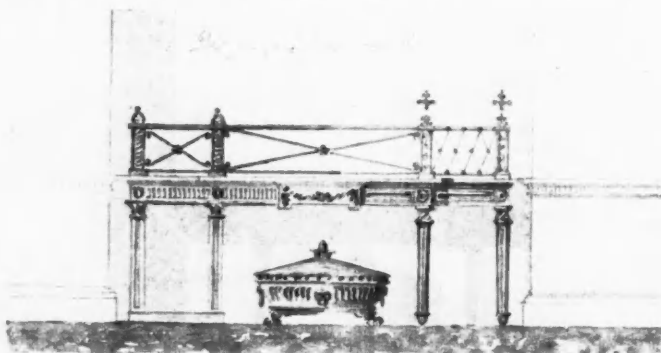
### To be SOLD

At the Porcupine in Newport Street, near Leicester-Fields

A Choice Parcel of Desk and Book-cases of Mahogany, Tea-Tables, Tea-Chests and Tea-Boards, etc., all curiously made and inlaid with fine Figures of Brass and Mother of Pearl. They will be sold at a very reasonable Rate, the Maker, Frederick Hints, designing soon to go abroad.

I see no reason why these dished-top tables were not designed as "Tea-Tables"—as Mr. Hints advertises—to hold the "Tea Equipage," especially as the tripod table was the common tea-table of this period. The "sinkings" could not have held close-fitting supper dishes because they overlap (see illustration of top on next page).

Several years ago I saw a bureau-bookcase with the same inlaid decoration, except that



A REGENCY SIDEBOARD  
*See Question: An Architect's Sketchbook*



A SKETCH OF BRIXTON LODGE  
*See Question: An Architect's Sketchbook*



unlike the work on the tea-tables, it had figures of men in 18th-century costume. This bookcase seems to accord with Mr. Hints's "Desk and Book-Cases" inlaid with "fine Figures."

#### SUNDIALS BY TOMPION

Some 15 years ago you kindly printed a letter from me about a sundial by Thomas Tompion. Having acquired an obviously genuine specimen, I asked if any others by the same maker were known.

A reply came through your paper to the effect that three were known of: one at Hampton Court, one at Kew Gardens, and the third in the Pump Room, Bath, until about 1780, when it disappeared. Can you confirm this?—NORMAN H. JENKINSON, Bosvarren, Falmouth, Cornwall.

Tompion (according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*) besides clocks, made barometers and sundials, and "an elaborate and complicated sundial made by him for the King after Queen Mary's death is still in its place in the Privy Gardens at Hampton Court Palace." There is also a record of Tompion's gift of a sundial to Bath in 1709, but this has now disappeared.

#### TREATMENT FOR WOODWORM

I would be much obliged if you would tell me the best way to treat pieces which show signs of worm. I have a tallboy in walnut and fear the worm is still active.—R. R. FULCHER (Lt. R.A.), Larkhill, Wiltshire.

A mixture of turpentine and paraffin in about equal parts is a simple domestic remedy which often proves effective for furniture only mildly damaged by worm; but in bad cases it is difficult to give useful advice which can be followed without expert help. In normal times it is obviously invidious to recommend any form of proprietary preparation in writing; but existing conditions make some former methods of treatment no longer practicable. A commercial spirit, Benzine-Benzol, supplied by Messrs. Gale, Baiss and Co., 274-276, Ilderton Road, London, S.E.15, has been used to our knowledge with good results, and has the great advantage that it does not appear to damage the surface of the furniture.

#### A MUSICAL LONG-CASE CLOCK

I should be grateful for information on the maker of the musical long-case clock shown in the accompanying photographs; and also to know whether any clocks with a similar lay-out are known to exist. It is engraved on a side-plate:—"FECIT I. MORTIER GANDAE Ao .". From the facts that the date has not been filled in, and also that a second pin drum has not been completed, it seems probable the maker died before finishing the work. In 1910, a previous owner instituted enquires through a Monsieur Paul Bergmans, of the Inventaire Archeologique in Ghent, who reported that, after extensive research,

he found there had been clockmakers in Ghent of the name of Mortier from the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century. A directory for 1775 gives three Mortiers, but only the addresses, without Christian names or initials, are shown; Bergmans concluded the clock was made by one of these, as its known history starts with it being found by an Englishman in a house in Boulogne the year after Waterloo. It is not recorded whether Bergmans attempted to trace other clocks by this maker.

The clock plays on what is described as a harpsichord, with accompaniment on a small organ. There are six tunes (thought to be Belgian folk songs or dances), one of which is played immediately before the hour strikes. The tunes are either automatically changed after each hour, or can be kept at the preferred one indefinitely; they can also be played continuously, with or without the automatic change, irrespective of the time mechanism. In the illustrations, I have shown the mechanism without, and also with, the pin drum, but, for clearness, without the glass face, which, however, shows in the view of the complete clock; they show the double-action bellows on the top, the organ pipes behind, and, just discernible below these, the hammers which operate the "harpsichord," which is separately illustrated.

Apart from the musical side, it has a fine movement with the usual recoil escapement, and shows the days of the week and the dates of the month on separate circles on the glass dial. It strikes the hours only, through a rack striking gear.



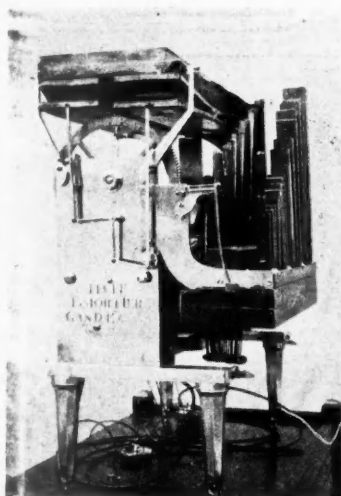
A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE TIP-UP TABLE WITH DISHED TOP AND DECORATED WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL INLAY

See Question: Tip-up Tables (on previous page)

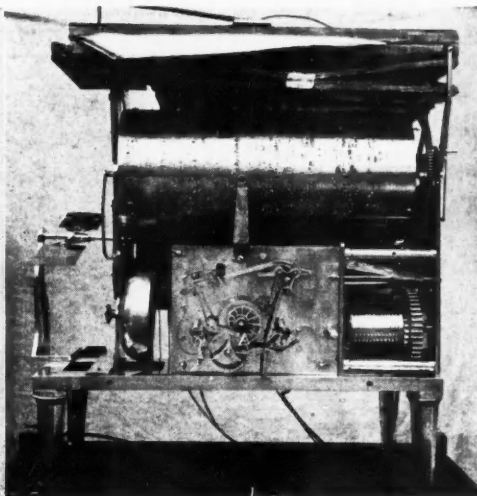
The clock was in a doctor's family, whose father had it for some years in a curio shop in the Strand until about 1880, when it was given to a well-known surgeon who collected antiques, especially old clocks. It was returned to the doctor's family in 1929, and afterwards sold with the rest of his effects. About the time of the outbreak of this war, a wealthy American arranged to purchase it from the then owner to send to America, but died suddenly before the transaction was completed.—J. F. H. BURTON, Holly Bush, Little London, Basingstoke, Hampshire.

Musical clocks of this type with mechanism that plays tunes on an organ are by no means common, but, judging from extant examples to be seen in pre-war days on the Continent, a number must have been made in the eighteenth century, especially in Germany. It is unusual, however, to find one of the same quality of execution and elaboration of design as Mr. Burton's interesting clock by Mortier. No mention of this maker appears in any of the published works which give lists of Continental clockmakers.

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



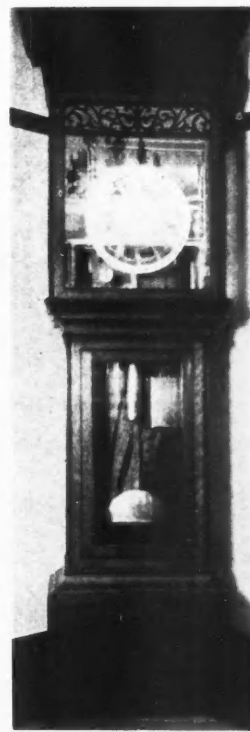
THE PIPES



THE PIN DRUM



THE "HARPSICHORD"



THE MUSICAL CLOCK

See Question: A Musical Long-case Clock

# NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, U.S.A.

By HAMILTON KERR, M.P.

"THE town of Newport is the most thriving place in all America for business. It is very pretty and pleasantly situated. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and harbour."

So wrote Dean Berkeley, the famous philosopher, on April 24, 1729, shortly after his arrival in the state of Rhode Island. Indeed, the situation of Newport—its harbour, its climate, the richness of its soil—displays such obvious advantages that it is not surprising that many explorers found their way to its shores long before the learned Dean. Some local historians even maintain that Newport must have been the "Vinland" of the Sagas when—some time in the year 1000—the long, open boats of Lief Ericson found their way from Iceland, past the icebergs of Greenland, to a strange coast where vines abounded.

In support of this contention they argue that wild grapes still cover the shores round Newport, and that the wonder Sands which the sagas describe as lying north of Vinland can mean nothing else than the rolling dunes of Cape Cod. They further believe that the interesting structure now known as the Old Mill (Fig. 1) may be the remains of a Norse baptistery, and, if so, the oldest building in North America.

These conjectures tempt the imagination, but later years were to bring more certain details. The Indians knew the island upon which Newport now stands as Aquidneck, or the Island in the Bay. Hakluyt saw a copy of the letter which the navigator Verranzano sent to Francis I in 1525, saying that he had seen an island "about the size of Rhodes"; hence the derivation of the name Rhode Island, which the whole state has since assumed.

More than a hundred years passed,



1.—PERHAPS THE OLDEST BUILDING IN AMERICA

The Old Mill, or remains of a Norse baptistery

however, before white settlers set foot upon Aquidneck and the mainland opposite. In 1638 a group of Puritans exiled from Boston, under the leadership of Anne Hutchinson, started a settlement upon the mainland. This group belonged to a sect known as the Antinomianists, who discountenanced the orthodox Puritan belief that good works alone sufficed for salvation, but contended that divine grace was also necessary.

In consequence, the Boston Puritans, having learnt little tolerance from the persecutions their brethren claimed to suffer in England, promptly copied the example of

Archbishop Laud, and made life intolerable for the Antinomianists. But the sect was by no means united within itself, for a certain William Coddington, having disagreed with Anne Hutchinson, moved in 1639 to the island of Aquidneck, and founded a separate settlement. By the following year the two groups counted no fewer than 1,000 inhabitants, and—wisely putting religious differences aside—decided to unite for purposes of Government. And in 1647 they joined with Providence.

In the meantime, however, William Coddington had become a Quaker, and throughout the seventeenth century, Quakers, escaping from the persecutions of the Massachusetts Puritans, tended to make the little town of Newport on Aquidneck their home.

In 1663 a proud moment came for Newport with the grant of a royal charter. The words of King Charles II ran "To hold forth a lively experiment that a most flourishing civil state may stand and best be maintained with full liberty in religious concerns." The great days of Newport were now at hand. January 23, 1729, was a day long remembered by the inhabitants. On that morning the Rev. Mr. Honeyman was conducting a service in the newly erected Trinity Church, when two messengers arrived at the door and, after some whispered consultations, boldly walked up to the rector with the news that an eminent English divine had just arrived, and that his vessel lay at anchor in the inner harbour.

At once adjourning the service, Mr. Honeyman led his congregation to the quayside, to find no less a personage than Dean Berkeley, the famous philosopher, later Bishop of Cloyne. The Dean announced that he had just arrived from England after a journey of five months, that he was on his way to Bermuda, having received a promise of £20,000 from the Government to found a college in the colony, and—pending the arrival of the funds—he proposed to reside awhile at Newport.

Great was the rejoicing in the colony. Dean Berkeley stayed in Newport no less than two years. On numerous occasions he



2.—VERNON HOUSE. ONE OF NEWPORT'S MANY 18th-CENTURY WOODEN HOUSES

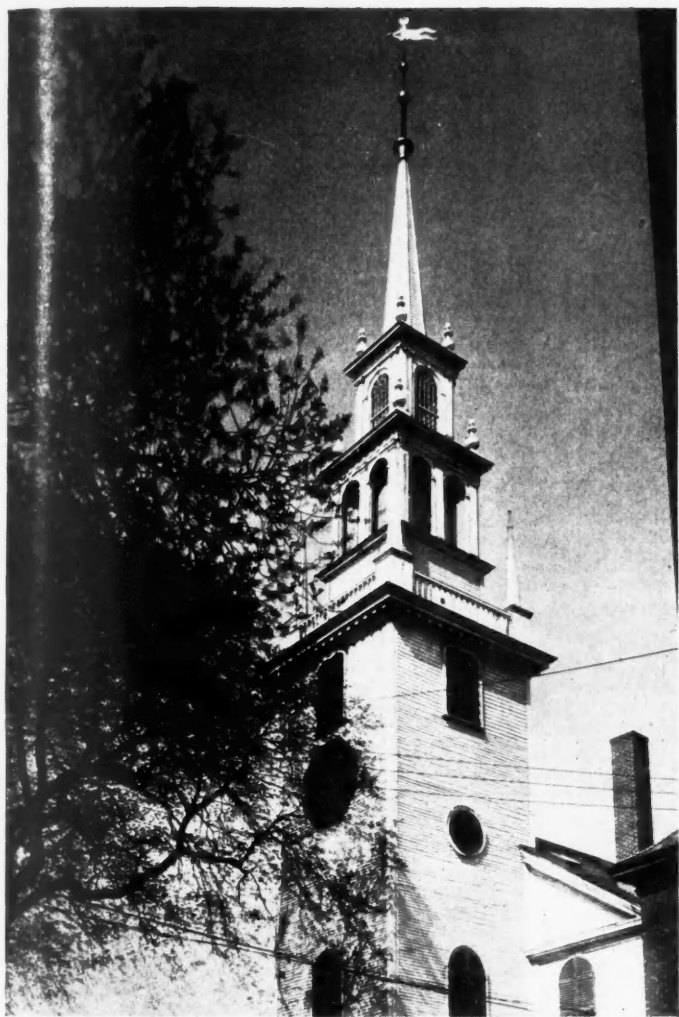


preached in Trinity Church; he founded a Philosophical Society, and built himself a small house outside the town which he called Whitehall (Fig. 11).

Then, to the regret of all the inhabitants, he felt himself obliged to return to England in 1731, the promised £20,000 for his Bermuda college not having arrived.

In the 'twenties and after the wealth of Newport grew to a fabulous degree. Its trade outrivalled that of New York, and its ship-owners boasted a fleet of 2,000 vessels. This great fleet imported molasses from Barbados which was made into rum. The rum was traded for negro slaves on the west coast of Africa, and the negroes in their turn were traded for more molasses.

Nor did the more respectable inhabitants disdain the finer arts of piracy. A certain Thomas Paine, a friend of the notorious Captain Kidd, largely endowed Trinity Church, while any stranger wandering through the streets of Newport in the period of the French wars would certainly have seen a number of foreign gentlemen looking disconsolately through the windows of the houses of some of the

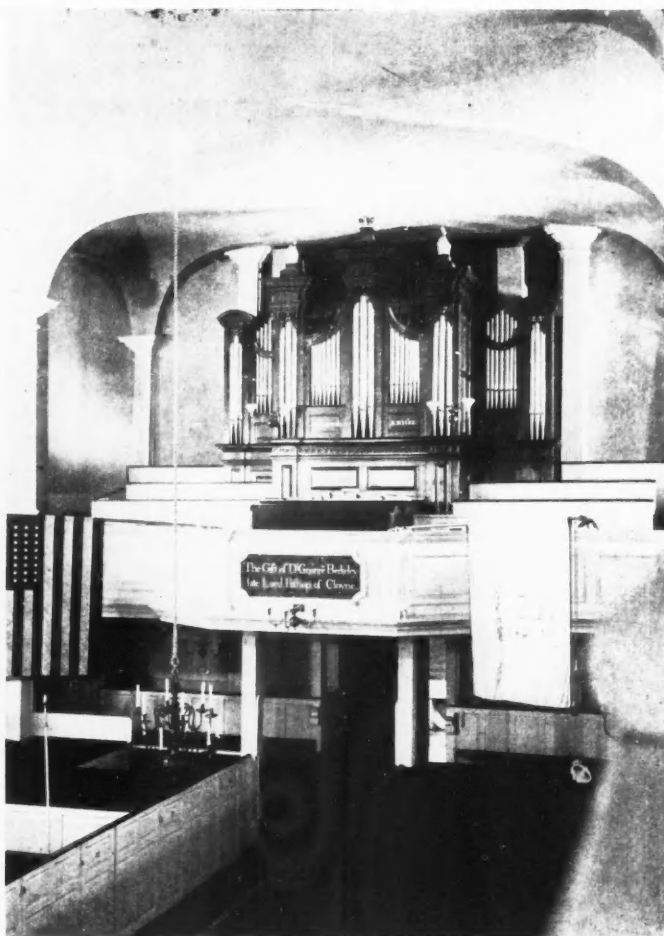


3.—TRINITY CHURCH STEEPLE, 1724  
The British Crown still surmounts the weathercock

richer merchants. These, of course, were eminent Frenchmen and Spaniards awaiting ransom from their countrymen.

It was in this period of wealth and trade that most of Newport's finest buildings were begun and that Peter Harrison, one of the most eminent of the Colonial architects, practised his art. Trinity Church dates from 1724, the Seventh Day Baptist church from 1729, Old Colony House from 1739, the famous Redwood Library from 1747, and the Touro Synagogue, the oldest synagogue in America, from 1759. And like London, Newport possesses a Downing Street, named after the same Sir George Downing, a graduate of Harvard University.

The outbreak of the American Revolution ruined the trade of Newport and ended its prosperity. The English occupied the town. The farms yielded all their available cattle and pigs to feed the troops, while the fine orchards planted by the early Colonists were cut down to provide firewood. By a daring raid, General Barton, Commander of the American troops stationed at Bristol, succeeded in kidnapping General Prescott, the English commander. Collecting



4.—BISHOP BERKELEY'S ORGAN, TRINITY CHURCH, 1733



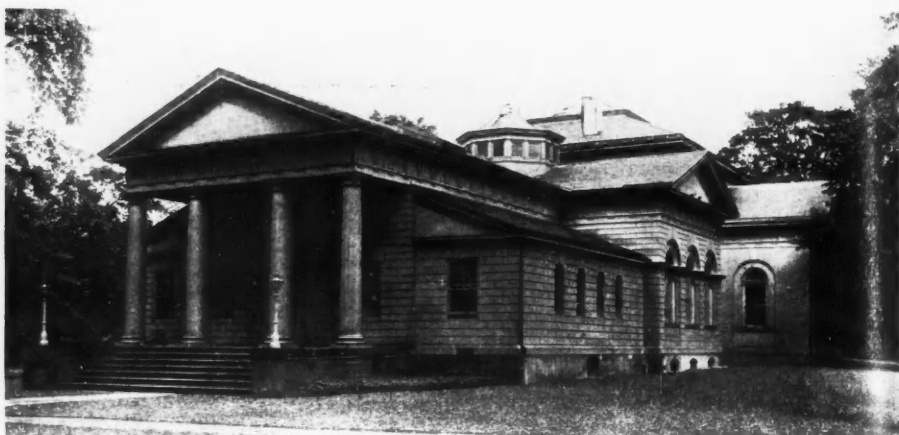
5.—INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, WITH THE PULPIT

(Right) 6.—THE REDWOOD LIBRARY, 1747. Architect, Peter Harrison

twelve volunteers, he surprised General Prescott one night in a farm-house, at Middletown, which he used as his headquarters, and carried him off before the alarm could be given.

As the fortunes of war turned in favour of the American colonists, the English troops evacuated Newport, and were soon replaced by the French, despatched from Europe to help the colonists. Their commanding officer was the Count de Rochambeau, who occupied the beautiful Vernon House as his headquarters. Local historians have discovered many amusing references to the days of the French occupation. Claude Blanchard, commissary in chief of the French forces, wrote:

The Americans are slow and do not decide promptly in matters of business. It is not easy for us to rely on their promises. They love money and hard money. They do not eat soups and do not serve up ragouts at their dinners, but boiled and roast and much vegetables. They drink nothing but cider and Madeira wine with water. The dessert is composed of preserved quinces and pickled sorrel. They do not take coffee immediately after dinner, but it is served three or four hours after with tea. This coffee is weak and four or five cups are not equal to one of ours, so they take many of them. The tea on the contrary is very strong.



intellectuals from the universities of Harvard and Yale began to arrive for their Summer vacation. Mrs. Dames ran a famous boarding house called Broadway, much favoured by this *coterie*, while the conversation, wit and learning to be found at Cliff House was of such an order that it came to be known as the Hotel de Rambouillet, after the *salon* of the Marquise de Rambouillet. Longfellow

was a frequent visitor to Newport, and wrote one of his poems *The Skeleton in Armour* about a mysterious skeleton, dressed in armour, which was found in the Fall River not many miles away. And from about 1880 onwards, the rise of the great commercial fortunes of America caused fashion to seek out this little town where the New England muse had formerly spent her Summer vacations. Among the first to arrive were the Vanderbilts, and in the succeeding years palace after palace rose along each side of Belle Vue as wealthy residents poured in, and discovered the delights of Bailey's Beach.

Even to-day Newport retains its place as the fashion glass of the east coast, although learning has not altogether deserted the shores of Aquidneck. The most distinguished figure in Newport is Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot, authoress, patron of the arts, and niece of Sam Ward, a famous cosmopolitan well known in Paris and New York in the nineteenth century, and an intimate friend of the Rosebery family. On a recent visit Mrs. Ward told me that one day, when she was four years old, she saw her mother enter the room sad and pensive.

"Why are you looking so sad, Mummy?" she called out.

"Poor John Brown is to be hanged in three days' time," her mother replied.

"Oh, Mummy, let's go at once and save him," she exclaimed, seizing her mother by the hand.

A walk round Newport inevitably begins



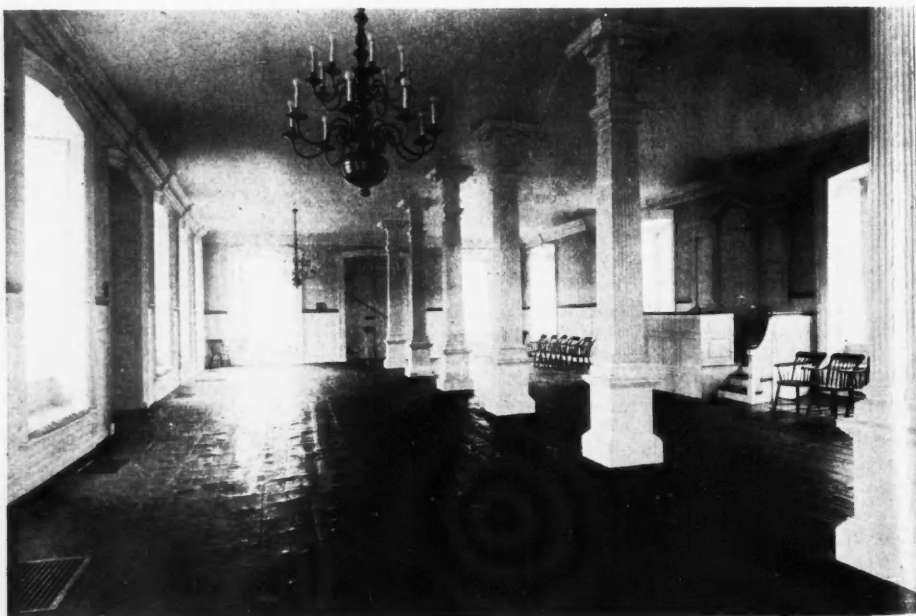
7.—THE OLD COLONY, OR STATE HOUSE, 1739-41

I wonder how some modern Wall Street financier or big business executive, like Mr. Kaiser, would recognise himself in Claude Blanchard's picture of the American of his day.

On one of the windows of the Wanton Lyman Hazard House, 1699, the oldest house in Newport (Fig. 9), French officers scratched with their diamond rings "Charming Polly Wanton." Polly Wanton was the granddaughter of the Governor. Alas! we do not know if the graces of the French officers captured the favours of the lovely Puritan, or if she shared the opinion of another young American lady, who thought that Admiral de Tiernay was "fine, and fickle, and French."

However, as Newport's commercial prosperity declined, fortune did not desert its lovely bay. It was discovered as an ideal holiday resort, and about 1800 the great cotton planters from the south started to spend their Summers in Newport. They would arrive in the coastal packet, attended by a large retinue of negro slaves and numberless bales of cotton, which would be spun and woven into cloth in the mills of New England. Afterwards they would travel south again for the Winter months.

Towards the middle of the century



8.—THE ASSEMBLY ROOM OF THE STATE HOUSE





9.—WANTON LYMAN HAZARD HOUSE. 1699

with a visit to the old stone mill in Touro Park. Governor Arnold referred to it in his testament as "my old stone mill," and it is known for certain that it cannot have been erected after 1677. It is this building which some local historians claim to be the work of Norsemen, and thus by far the oldest building in North America. But, whatever its origin, romance has surrounded this old tower which for centuries has overlooked Narraganset Bay. Longfellow referred to it:

There for my lady's bower  
Built I this lofty tower  
Which to this very hour  
Stands looking seaward.

Near the old mill is the classic portico of the Redwood Library (Fig. 6). The Company of the Redwood Library and Athenæum was incorporated in 1747, as the successor to the Dean Berkeley's Philosophical Society. A wealthy merchant, named Harry Collins, gave a strip of land then called Bowling Green, and Abraham Redwood, a Quaker, offered £500 for the purchase of books. The building was designed and erected by Peter Harrison, one of the most outstanding of Colonial architects, and still retains its 18th-century character, in spite of subsequent additions. On the walls of the reading-room hang portraits by Lawrence and Gilbert Stuart, while the library contains an extensive gift of books by King William IV, presented as a compensation for the books destroyed by British officers in the course of the War of Independence. Perhaps the most treasured possession is the old Colonial Flag of 1662 which omits the cross of St. Patrick, being prior to its incorporation in the Union Jack.

From the Redwood Library you turn naturally down the hill to Trinity Church,

and one of the first things an English visitor notices on its tall white spire (Fig. 3) is the gold crown surmounting the weathervane, a surviving relic of the Monarchy. Both the interior and exterior of the church at once suggest the influence of Wren, which impressed itself so firmly on either side of the Atlantic. You enter by a side door under the organ loft and look over a vista of white wooden pews upholstered in red and green, to an impressive three-tier pulpit (Fig. 5). A gallery runs round the north and west and south sides of the church, and the back bench against the wall was reserved for negro slaves whose duty was to carry charcoal braziers to church and place these in the pews of their masters. When you stand at the foot of the pulpit and look down the church to the west front, a magnificent organ at once catches the eye (Fig. 4). It is surmounted by the royal crown of England, and two gold mitres, and an inscription proclaims it to be the gift of Dr. George Berkeley, late Lord Bishop of Cloyne. At the foot of the pulpit tradition assigns pew 81 to George Washington.

I like to picture the Virginian aristocrat, the father of his country, standing there during morning service, the leading merchants of Newport with their bonneted wives crowded in their private pews, the black faces of the slaves looking down from the gallery, while Bishop Berkeley's royal and episcopal organ peals out a stirring hymn tune, and Queen Anne's plate—it was a royal gift in 1712—gleams on the Communion table. For such tolerance fits well into our own tradition.

You can spend a full day in Newport visiting places of interest. There is the fine 18th-century Vernon House (Fig. 2), named after William Vernon, President of the Navy

Board. George Washington was entertained here in 1781, and the Comte de Rochambeau used it as his headquarters in the War of Independence. Some fine *chinoiserie* panels have recently been discovered in one of the rooms. Then you must visit the fine old library house, built in 1737 from designs by Richard Munday. George III was proclaimed from its balcony, and so was the Declaration of Independence. In 1790 the Convention met here to make Rhode Island one of the United States of America.

Finally, no visit should end without an inspection of two fine buildings by Peter Harrison. The first is the Brick Market (Fig. 12), erected in 1762, and similar in design to the English market halls of the period, and the second is the Touro Synagogue, the oldest synagogue in America, begun in 1759 and dedicated in 1763. The interior is painted white, and abounds in fine classic detail. A colonnade of Doric columns supports a gallery of Corinthian columns running round the sides of the building, and the light pours from numerous semicircular beaded windows. The effect is both refined and distinguished.

It is certainly a fascinating experience for an English visitor to find so many relics of the history of his country in this lovely little town overlooking the waters of Narraganset Bay.

[The photographs illustrating this article are by William King Covell.]

There are many men and women in the Services who would welcome a chance of reading "Country Life." If you will hand it in, uncrapped, unstamped and unaddressed at any Post Office, it will go to them.



10.—ROBINSON HOUSE



11.—WHITEHALL. BISHOP BERKELEY'S HOUSE (1730)



12.—THE OLD MARKET, DESIGNED BY PETER HARRISON, 1762

# ORONTES TROUT

By SIR THOMAS RUSSELL PASHA

**F**IFTY miles north of Baalbek in the Lebanon, where the railway line crosses the Homs road at Ras Baalbek station, a secondary road branches off to the left to end at the village and bridge of Hermel. Follow this road for five miles and on your left you will see a sign-board marked "Source d'Oronte"; continue along this side track and in ten minutes you will be standing on the edge of a deep valley and see below you, gushing out of the hillside, a good sized stream of ice-cold spring water.

This is the source and origin of that famous river, the Orontes, which, after two hundred miles of running through Homs, Hamah and Antioch, lets its waters slip into the Mediterranean at Suedia. The Arabic name for the Orontes is the Nahr el Aasi or the Rebel River, so called, the people say, from its peculiar nature of running due north when all other respectable rivers, anyhow in this part of the world, run south.

From its source to the bridge at Hermel, the river runs for some eight miles through a deep rocky valley, gaining quickly in size and volume from hidden springs, welling up from the bed of the stream and fed in their turn by the melting snows of the Lebanon mountains. Below the Hermel bridge the river gets bigger and rougher for another five miles, when it flattens out into a deep and steady river with several steep falls, until it reaches the marshes and lake of Homs and continues its way north. It is these first twenty miles of river, and they only, which, up till recently, abounded in a beautiful variety of trout, known locally as the fish of Hermel. Chub also are found in its waters, but it is the trout that fascinate the fisherman and puzzle the zoologist.

The "samak Hermeli" is a trout of exceptional beauty, but no one to-day can explain

the Orontes was known to only a small number of French officials and Englishmen and they, like wise fishermen, kept their knowledge to themselves. In those days a fairly expert user of the fly could expect to get a dozen fish in the day, averaging a pound apiece, with an occasional three or four pounder in the bag. Individual fish of six or more pounds were sometimes caught, and a Baalbek hotel tells the tale of a monster, perhaps a ten-pounder, that was bought from a native fisherman some years ago. Twenty-two people made an ample meal from it.

With the coming of the war, troops of all nationalities camped in the Orontes Valley, and it is hard to blame them for preferring an occasional dish of trout to the eternal Army rations. Without a thought, they used their hand grenades and explosives to kill the fish.

Unfortunately the inhabitants soon learned the easy trick and, ever since, the river has known no peace from bombs and dynamite. The most fatal season to the fish is the Winter, when the hen fish are spawning: this they do in the shallow gravel reaches where, in the gin-clear water, they are easily seen and appear so intent on their spawning that they lie motionless on the approach of man: a well-directed bomb or even a shot from a gun then kills not only the mother fish but also many hundreds of eggs that would otherwise have gone to repopulating the river.

To-day the river as a fisherman's paradise is a mere shadow of its former self. The open runs and gravels are empty of fish, anyhow by day: most have been destroyed and the remainder are hiding under the willows and alders that hang into the river, awaiting the dark to venture in search of food. To catch fish to-day entails spending several days hunting the river down from bush to bush to find a fish

saw in the same reach three big fish all feeding together, but ungetatable from my side: after running two miles round to cross by a scanty tree-trunk foot-bridge, I found one still rising but could not please it with my dry flies: it was cruising around and five times showed its broad back in a gentle porpoise roll. When in despair as the light failed I fished down to it with a wet teal and red, it came for it like a tiger, missed it—the stupid thing—and pricked itself with a feeble afterthought at the dropper. We put it at five pounds, and six months later it was caught the day before I returned to look for it, within five yards of where it had missed me. It turned out to be a hen fish of seven and a quarter pounds.

Half a dozen fishermen were camping on the river for a month last Autumn and did even worse than we did, though this hardly surprised me as the Summer heat was still in full force.

Oddly enough the only reach of the river where we found more than an odd fish was the one up- and down-stream of the camping ground: we took eight of our eleven fish out of this reach, and I wondered whether they could have been attracted by our kitchen scraps or whether the reach was unpopular with bombers as being too fast and deep for recovering the fish.

Just below the camp at the end of this reach is the so-called "jisir" or bridge alone by which the right bank can be reached. It is fearsome enough by daylight but terrifying at night, with only some poplar poles spanning each of the three deep streams into which the river here divides. Some avoid it altogether, some cross on all fours, and even the brave are wise enough to remove their shoes before launching forth on this tight-rope turn: when we arrived it was too dangerous to pass till an appeal for repairs to the local Kaimakam and the rays of a full moon robbed the crossing of its terrors.

Every fish we got put up a magnificent fight in the strong stream, and no fish was lost in the netting, owing in my case to a special landing-net that I had made for this river. The banks are a good four feet above the water, which is too deep for wading, and are festooned with thorny tussocks and brambles hanging into the stream. To overcome this difficulty, I had made an extra four-foot length of handle which could quickly be attached to enable the small gillie boy to reach to his fish well out into the stream.

To be sure that we should not be short of food I took with me one of my 20-bore guns, which the small boy carried, for the early morning fishing. Early one morning, as I was fishing a back-water below the camp, I spotted a small bunch of teal coming leisurely up the river over the far bank. I snatched the gun from the boy and ran to the river edge just as the bunch passed some fifty yards away. It was hard to see them in the early light against the dark hillside, but I chucked the gun in the air, pulled the left choke and saw things falling out of the sky. The small boy dashed round by the foot-bridge, and I saw him triumphantly holding up two birds and dabbling about in the river with my long landing net. The bunch had been composed of seven garganey and the tiny charge of No. 6 at fifty yards had dropped two birds dead on the far bank and two runners, which unfortunately I did not pick up, into the river. I got a further shoveller, a snipe, and a pound and a half fish in the "jisir" pool by breakfast-time.

The absence of small fish to-day is most noticeable and symptomatic. I did not catch half a dozen of this young generation in a fortnight. Left as it is, it will take only another couple of years for the last trout to disappear. What a pity! Give that river three years' peace from bombing and control of the fishing, and once again it would be full of fine fighting trout.

It is only necessary to examine the stones and weeds of the river bed and the stomach contents of the Orontes trout to see why they are perfections of shape, condition and flesh colouring. The river teems with water shrimps, soft-shelled baby crabs and snails: on this diet the flesh is as pink as a sea trout grilse and eats as "short" and curdy as a finnock. This



EARLY MORNING ON THE ORONTES

where he originally came from. Has he always been there? If so, why not in other similar rivers of Lebanon and Syria? Was he introduced? If so, by whom? Some say the Crusaders, some think it was the Maronites, whose ruined monastery stands at the head of the river, while others advance the more probable theory that it was the Turkish Governors some eighty years ago who imported the fry and stocked the stream. One thing that seems certain is that none of the other rivers of Lebanon and Syria contains indigenous trout, though some have been recently introduced into the Safa river at Ain Zehalta.

Up till a few years ago the presence of these trout in large numbers in these top waters of

lying hidden in one of these holts and then visiting him time and again until he is deceived into rising and, even then, it is even chances that the fish will break you in the underwater snags of his city of refuge.

I recently spent nine days with an expert fishing friend in camp on the river, with results that justify my worst fears. We fished at dawn, at noon, at sunset and by moonlight: wet, dry, minnow and fly spoon—there was nothing we did not try and all we got between us were eleven fish weighing a total of seventeen and a quarter pounds with two and a half as the largest. My favourite reach from former years, a mile below the camp, produced nothing.

One evening some twelve months ago I



pinkness of the flesh has led some people to call these fish *truites saumonés* or sea trout. Let us accept the modern scientific "fatwa" that all trout are of similar and common origin with many local variations, and that one name, *salmo trutta*, must do for the lot. The sub-name sea trout, *i.e.* a trout that migrates to the sea, must be ruled out, as it is clearly proved that they exist only in the first twenty miles of the Orontes where the water is swift and icy, and are never found in the warmer waters of the Homs lake or below in its two-hundred-mile journey to the sea.

I have, however, noticed a curious thing about the colouring of these fish this year. It has long been maintained that they are of two distinct colour types, one a silvery fish with black markings and no red spots, and another, a beige-coloured fish with a very few red markings and no black ones.

When I talk of markings, whether black or red, I mean, not a big round spot, but something like a small cross-stitch of colour, whether black or red. What I have, however, noticed this year for the first time is the rapid change of colour, once it is out of the water, of a 2½-lb. cock fish. When I caught him from under a dense thicket of willow boughs he was a light cream beige with a few widely spaced pale red cross-stitch or swastika markings: within half an hour the beige colour had gone and been replaced by the steely silver of the other type, the red markings having disappeared at the same time. I wonder whether the creamy-beige colouring was not perhaps due to a sandy bottom on which he had been lying under the permanent shade of the sunken willows.

That such a beautiful and sporting fish should be allowed to be exterminated is a sin against Nature, and during the last two years I, with others, have tried to convince the Lebanese Government of the monetary value of such a river if it were properly preserved and cultivated. I have at last received the assurance of the President of the Lebanese Republic that he has ordered his legal authorities to draft legislation. It will, however, need clever and firm handling to persuade the local notables and peasants that the bombing must cease and legitimate methods of capture only be used.

Once this is done, and the Government sees the value of the river as a tourist attraction, it will then be time to study the other similar rivers of Lebanon and Syria, such as the Litani, the Nahr el Kelb and the Barida with a view

to stocking them in a similar manner and thus adding first-class trout-fishing to the other many sporting amenities of these attractive countries. A flourishing industry of trout-farming could also be established, not only for stocking this and possibly other rivers for sporting purposes, but also for marketing to Beirut and for supplying the large visitor population that spends the Summer in the hotels and pensions of the Lebanon. Sea fish prices in Beirut are fantastic.

All along the Orontes valley there are small patches of land cultivated with maize and other

crops: these are irrigated by leats taken off from the river some distance farther up and led along in channels cut out of the hillside. Some of these patches run into several acres and could with ease be converted into stew ponds with the leat running through them and all the natural food of the river there in abundance. The idea of fish-farming has come late, but carp-breeding has definitely arrived in Palestine and in some parts of Syria. In Egypt it has passed the experimental stage and should have a good future.



GILLIE WITH A 2½-LB. FISH AND THE GUN WITH WHICH BIRDS WERE SHOT

## FLAT-RACING PROSPECTS

THE issue of the fixture list by the Jockey Club, with the approval of the Government, heralds the opening of the sixth war-time flat-racing season.

A cursory glance reveals little difference in it to other recent years, but, actually, there is a certain amount of latitude that has hitherto been noticeable by its absence. Just for instance, the Northern area of race-goers and trainers have been allotted an extra venue, beyond Pontefract and Stockton, at Catterick Bridge; the open-to-all two-year-old races, the Queen Mary Stakes and the Coventry Stakes, return from Newmarket to their original home at Ascot, and there is no official intimation—as there was last year—barring seven-year-old horses and upwards, or younger horses that have never won or been placed, from running.

To make any attempt to give the complete list of fixtures here is unnecessary, and it must suffice to say that from the opening at Ascot and Pontefract, on Easter Monday, until the end of June, there will be racing at one or other of the Northern and Southern venues every Saturday and at Newmarket for two days in every alternate week. With the exception of the Queen Mary Stakes and the Coventry Stakes—due to be run for at Ascot on Saturday, June 16, all the big open races will be competed for at Newmarket with the Free Handicap for Three-year-olds scheduled for April 11; the One Thousand and Two Thousand Guineas on May 8, and 9; the Newmarket Stakes on May 23; the Oaks and the Derby on June 8, and 9, and the Coronation Cup on Thursday, June 21. In the Southern region, Ascot gets both Bank Holiday fixtures, while up North there will be racing at Pontefract—including a substitute Lincolnshire Handicap—on Easter Monday and at Stockton on Whit Monday.

A word about the more likely competitors for the open-to-all races will be topical. In what betting there has been, the Winter favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby is Sir Eric Ohlson's Nearco colt Dante, who is

trained by Mathew Peacock at Middleham and will be ridden by Nevett, who, though he has never yet steered a Guineas winner to victory, won the Derby on Owen Tudor and on Ocean Swell. On the facts that he is an unbeaten colt, with six brackets to his credit, and was reckoned by Mr. Arthur Fawcett, the Official Handicapper, to be the best two-year-old of last season, Dante's favouritism is justifiable, despite that he is at longer odds than are usually offered at this time of the year against a colt with his pretensions. This suggests a doubt, and that doubt is undoubtedly based upon a suspicion concerning his stamina. Nearco, his sire, was a good horse, was never beaten and won races, including the Grand Prix de Paris, over all sorts of distances up to fifteen furlongs. For all that his stock have been disappointing in that, while they have shown real brilliance as youngsters, they have failed to maintain their high standard as three-year-olds.

Next in demand are Court Martial and the so far un-named colt out of Tornadoic. The former will be the Manton hope and is expected to change Lord Astor's Derby luck or rather misfortune, but he will have to be an exceptional son of his sire, Fair Trial, to stay the Derby distance. The Tornadoic colt is a very different proposition. Solario, his sire, won the St. Leger and is the sire of the Derby winners Mid-day Sun and Straight Deal, while his dam Tornadoic is by the St. Leger winner Hurry On and is an own-sister to Cyclonic, who ran third in the Doncaster classic of 1928. Bred by the late Major Courtauld, he was sold by his executors to Lady Wentworth as a foal and passed on to Miss Dorothy Paget as a yearling, for 600 gns. A cheap colt that may easily prove to be the greatest bargain Miss Paget has ever bought, he is trained by Walter Nightingall at Epsom and will be ridden by Tom Carey.

Two more colts that have come in for a deal of notice are Chamossaire and High Peak. The former, who belongs to Squadron-Leader Stanhope Joel and is trained by Dick Perryman at Newmarket, claims the Ascot Gold Cup

winner Precipitation as his sire and is from Snowberry a half-sister, by the Derby winner Cameronian, to Big Game. Bred at the National Stud, he was sold to his present owner, as a yearling, for 2,700 gns. High Peak, on the other hand, is a home-bred colt belonging to Lady Derby and trained by Walter Earl at Newmarket. His sire Hyperion won the Derby and the St. Leger, while his dam Leger Day, who was bred by Lady Chesterfield at the Beningbrough Stud and was bought by Lady Derby, as a yearling, for 350 gns., is by Son-in-Law's son Winalot from Optima, a half-sister, by Pharos, to such big winners as Prester John, Racedale and Loaningdale, who is now in Uruguay. Nice colt though he is, he does not appeal either on breeding or performances in the same way as the Tornadoic colt and Chamossaire do.

Turning for a moment to the fillies, most in demand for their classic engagements are, just now, Neola, Isle of Capri and Sweet Cygnet. The first two of these are with Fred Darling at Beckhampton and are owned, respectively, by Mr. J. A. Dewar and Darling. Neola like Dante, is by Nearco and comes from Sansonnet a half-sister, by the Derby winner Sansovina, to Fair Trial, while Isle of Capri is by Fair Trial out of Caprifolia, a French-bred mare who was by the Royal Hunt Cup winner Asterus. In both instances the names of their sires raise a query as to their distance capacities, while, though Sweet Cygnet is by Hyperion, the breeding on her dam's side is not suggestive of classic honours, as she, Sweet Swan, was by Cygnus from a Captivation mare who was out of a daughter of Grebe.

Far preferable to any of these three is Lord Derby's home-bred filly Sun Stream. The Derby and St. Leger winner Hyperion is her sire. Her dam Drift is a daughter of the St. Leger winner Swynford, who has already produced such good winners as Fairhaven, Tide-way and Heliopolis. This filly, who is in Walter Earl's stable, reads likely to make the best of her sex if not actually the best of her age.

ROYSTON.

# INSTINCT AND REASON IN INSECTS

By C. N. BUZZARD

IT is natural that many of us bee-keepers, unless very commercially minded, should take considerable interest in insect life, and be fascinated by what we learn of the strange mysteries of this branch of Natural History. Like many others I have spent no little time, often in uncomfortable positions, watching hornets, bees, wasps, ants and some other insects.

In the Winter, when domestic bees are huddled together in their hives, and other varieties of insects are mostly either hibernating or undergoing some form of metamorphosis, it is pleasant to ruminate over the works of such patient and expert observers as Lubbock and Fabre and to ponder over problems yet unsolved. Lubbock was more inclined than was Fabre to endow bees and wasps with a modicum of human attributes, and in his book *Ants, Bees, and Wasps* he summed up by saying "it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason." Lubbock even describes how he made friends with a wasp, which he carried in a bottle with him when travelling by rail. While he was letting it crawl out on his hand for an airing, a ticket collector brusquely entered, and the wasp reproachfully stung Lubbock's hand. Human, certainly! But Fabre, in an article on mason wasps says "I could give a host of similar examples to show that insects are absolutely without reasoning power, notwithstanding the wonderful perfection of their work."

I sometimes think he was a little severe on the mason wasp's lack of reasoning power in the instance which inspired the sentence I have quoted above. The mason wasp—some similar spider-catching varieties are common in England—constructs a kind of jar or pot with mud in some warm corner of a house, a fireplace for choice, and in the receptacle she places five, six or more spiders which she has killed outright and not merely paralysed. She lays an egg on the first spider she kills and places it in the pot. The other spiders she lays one on top of another, until the pot is filled. She then seals the jar and leaves the rest of the business to Nature. The grub from the eggs eats each spider in turn, starting with the lowest victim, and going right through the menu. It thus avoids the risk of eating decayed meat, as it eats the oldest meat first, taking about a fortnight to get through the repast.

Now Fabre, in order to test the wasp's capacity for initiative, while the mother had gone away to fetch a second spider, removed the first spider, egg and all. The wasp, returning with No. 2 spider did not notice the absence of No. 1, and popped into the jar No. 2, which Fabre removed while the wasp sought a No. 3. This ceremony was continued during two days, during which the wasp had dragged up and inserted twenty spiders, all of which Fabre removed. The weary insect then gave it up, sealed up the empty pot and departed. What was the unfortunate mother to do in the face of what was to her a very inconvenient miracle? She was probably proud of the nursery she had built, knew she had inserted the egg and an unusual quantity of spiders.

In another experiment with the common wasp, Fabre closed the exit to a nest with a glass bowl. The wasps, baffled in their attempt to leave their home, continued to fly against the glass until they perished. Although wasps are wonderful diggers, it never occurred to any of them to dig under the edge of the bowl.

Here again, the wasps knew the exit was their ordinary way out and could not see the obstacle. They could feel this, and try to pierce it, so perhaps Fabre was again a little severe in his dictum. Does not such remissness show a lack of inventive rather than a lack of reasoning power?

Lubbock put a bee into a bell glass, and turned the closed end towards the window. She buzzed about for an hour without getting out, but, of course, emerged at once when he turned the glass round, opening to the light. Ordinary house flies, however, he writes, always discovered their way out without trouble.

He found that some bees appeared to be more intelligent than others, and this variation is somewhat contrary to Fabre's theories. A bee which he had fed several times and which had flown about the room, found her way out in a quarter of an hour when imprisoned in the glass. One day, last Summer, I found two bees in the closed glass entrance porch of our home. There was a window open on one side, but it was in the less bright end of the porch near the house. Neither bee had found this, and they continued battling against the glass until they were exhausted. Then, incapable of flight, they

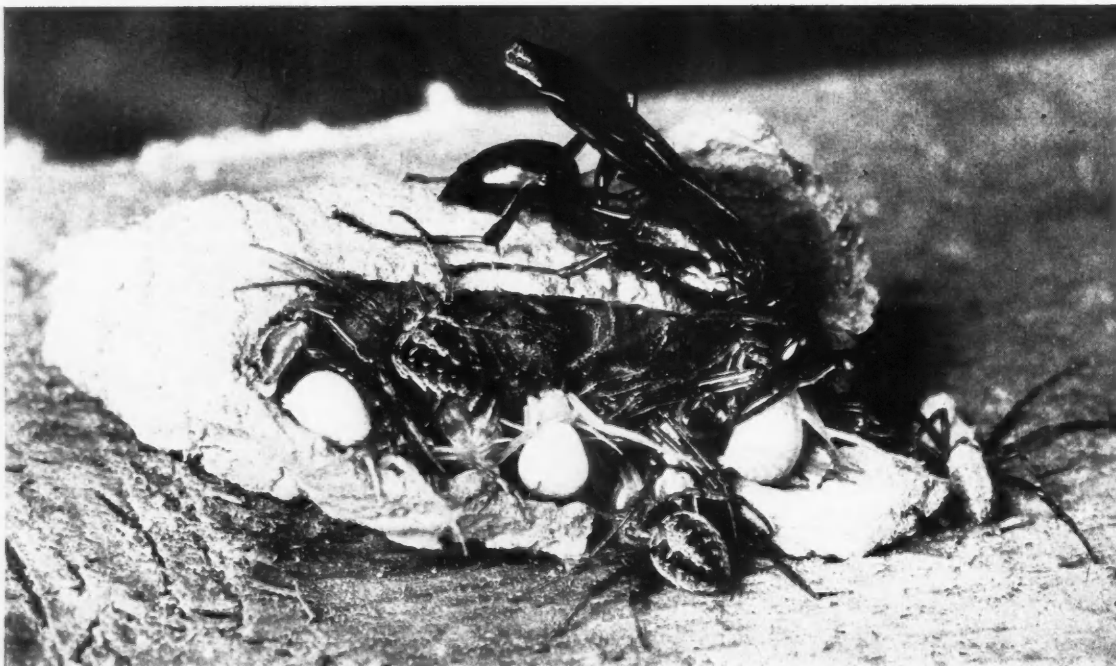
crawled towards each other, and apparently discussed the matter face to face, rubbing their antennae together in a melancholy way. I fetched some honey and fed them. They ate greedily for about five minutes and soon after found the open window and departed. Did a square meal improve their reasoning sense?

Lubbock made ingenious and convincing experiments to find out to what extent ants recognise members of their own nests. He found that even when ants were removed from their nests for several months, they were recognised and accepted on their return, which strangers never are. He kept his ant nests surrounded by a moat or ditch filled with water. He found that ants treated their comrades whom he had drugged with chloroform as corpses, and threw them into the ditch. But they differentiated between ants of their own nest which he had made intoxicated and stranger ants which he had also made very drunk. Their friends they at first carried aimlessly about "as though they seemed somewhat puzzled at finding their intoxicated fellow creatures in such a disgraceful condition," but afterwards, with some sympathy, they carried 32 out of 42 of their friends back to the nest, while they threw into the ditch 43 out of 52 drunken strangers. We ask ourselves if an ant or a bee recognises a comrade by smell (Lubbock was uncertain of this), how did his ants recognise members of their nest when they were reeking with alcohol?

There used to be considerable difference of opinion as to whether an ant or a bee can indicate the direction of, say, a plate of honey to another by conversation or signs. Lubbock, by precise and oft-repeated ingenious experiments, certainly proved that neither bees nor wasps nor ants do communicate this intelligence, although ants at least can fetch their comrades and lead them to food. Some years ago, contrary to all rules, I put out in the open a large honey extractor and a maturator which were covered with honey after a honey harvest, about a hundred yards from five bee-hives. The bees took about a quarter of an hour to find these, and in another ten minutes or so, the vessels were covered with bees. According to Von Frisch's experiment, made since the days of Lubbock, the first bees finding these honey-

covered receptacles must have reported the presence of honey by executing a kind of dance in the hive, whereupon bees would have gone forth in all directions to seek honey and many would immediately detect my very obvious bait in the open. In the long experiment made by Lubbock, he placed the honey, somewhat hidden, in his room, purposely not visibly in the open, and his marked bee brought no visitors, although returning a score of times herself.

I may add, that, except for experimental purposes, it is most inadvisable, as is well known, to put quantities of honey near the hives. On the occasion in question, the note of the sound made by the bees became very threatening in tone, and I deserved to suffer from robbing. My hives were, however, all very strong, and I knew it was unlikely that pillage



FOOD STORED FOR THE LIFETIME OF A GRUB  
Cell packed by a mason wasp with spiders for her offspring



would commence with no weak hive. It is curious that the presence of honey near hives will invite robbing, and once it has begun the whole peaceful and well-regulated system of bee organisation seems to crash, and the bees become hysterical murderous bandits. After all, are human beings much more advanced?

In a previous article I have described the reconnaissance journeys made by scouts before the future destination of a swarm is decided. It would be extremely interesting to know how the scouts designate the position of the spot they have found to the swarm. The swarm can hardly choose their future home from among the sites selected by scouts if these cannot describe them! The whole question is still wrapped in mystery. One might cover a swarm with flour and attempt to watch the movement of "unfloured" scouts returning from their reconnaissances. But I fear it would take the genius of a Fabre or a Lubbock to devise reliable experiments.

Fabre was surely the most thorough and indefatigable of naturalists. A complete edition

of his works takes up much room, but what fascinating reading! I have read only abbreviated extracts in English, but much more in the French original, and I do not know whether his description of a certain wild bee which he calls the *concierge* bee has often been published in English.

I think, of all Nature's extraordinary contrivances, the life of the *concierge* bee makes one wonder the most. This bee, like many other species of the hymenoptera, builds an underground nest, wherein she lays her eggs. When the progeny are grown up and flying, the poor mother is given the most extraordinary occupation. She places herself at the entrance to the nest, inside the door, so to speak, and plugs up the little opening with her head. If any bee wishes to enter or leave, the *concierge* bee steps back and allows the passenger to pass, and then re-plugs the hole with her head. She is given a little food by her progeny, but there she remains as a living cork, and guardian for the rest of her days!

Those who have not done so should read

Fabre's description of the wasps' nest which he kept till well on in the Winter, endeavouring to keep the insects alive. He gave them lots of food and even "central heating." But he found that, like old people, they gradually became inactive and, they stood about doing nothing in the feeble rays of the late Autumn sun. I have watched such wasps basking in the sun outside their nests, so like the groups of old men and women one sees in Bournemouth or in the South of France! But, unable to forage or feed their young, the wasps deliberately dragged out the grubs and destroyed them and devoured the unhatched eggs, till there was nothing living left of all they had so tenderly cherished in the nest. At least we do not treat our children thus! Thereafter they themselves gradually died, and Fabre found the same course of events takes place in outdoor nests in the natural state, and probably only one or two expectant mothers hibernate till the Spring. It was not the Winter that killed the wasps but old age, against which provisions of food and central heating were powerless to prevail.

## HATS OF THE MIGHTY

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THE Crimean Conference has no doubt produced other results of more enduring importance to a war-torn world but none perhaps so pleasing and romantic as the photograph of Mr. Churchill in his latest hat. It is so emphatically in the words of a once popular song, "a nobby one." When the picture first appeared there was a school of thought which believed that it was the Prime Minister's Teheran hat making its reappearance, but that (was it haply a Circassian hat?) was surely of slightly different form, and the best opinion seems now to be that this is a brand-new one. To me at any rate it suggests the magic of Cossacks with their long coats crossed with cartridge belts, galloping on shaggy little ponies. It brings back pictures cut out of the old illustrated papers of the 1850s and, still further back, the delicious pages of *Le Conscriit*, full of glittering Napoleonic uniforms and Polish lancers and marshals in their travelling carriages, clattering through the narrow streets of Phalsbourg.

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However, I must not lose myself in dreams of that beloved book but come back to the hat with which I started. As far as I know no one has ever played golf in a hat like that, and here after a slight deviation I come to my real subject. I have been trying to think of all the different kinds of golfing headgear and it is a longer list than I should have imagined. First of all must come, for I must leave really ancient times out of account, the tall hat, generally the tall white hat. We see it in pictures, such as that of "The finish of a great match," with the ball just running to the hole and the caddie executing a war dance of triumph and waving his armful of clubs over his head. All the players in that foursome are, I think, tall-hatted, and if Fuller Pilch could bat and Lillywhite bowl in a tall hat it clearly cannot have been impossible to swing a club so attired, but it cannot have been convenient. The nearest I have ever come to it was in Macedonia where in the heat of the day I have played in a sun helmet which bumped uncomfortably on my head. The cricketers turned after a while from the tall hat to the "bowler," as may be seen in the pictures of the great All England eleven, against whom W.G. made his first bow as a schoolboy, defying Jackson and Tarrant and hitting one of Tinley's lobbs out of the ground. The golfers did the same apparently and in the earliest didactic work on the game, by Mr. Chambers, the player posed at the top of his swing as a model, with a most excruciating right elbow, wears an equally excruciating bowler.

When, however, we come to anything approaching modern history the cap, in some shape or other, has ousted the hat for the time being. There is for instance the Glengarry of Young Tommy Morris. I hope I have the name right but it may be I am wrong, and that some

scornful and accurate Scot will correct me. At any rate it is said to have fallen off his head with the vigour of his follow-through, even as in another generation did the cap of Mr. Hilton. Generally speaking if one can judge from old photographs the deer-stalker was the favourite cap and I well remember in my boyhood those who wore it, though I never saw anyone fasten the flaps over his ears. I must not leave out one cap, namely the yachting cap with a shiny peak which Willie Fernie wore when my reverent eyes first looked on him at Felixstowe sixty years ago. And there is another of a considerably earlier date, though being away from books I cannot be precise. Somewhere in the minutes of the Royal and Ancient Lord Balcarres and certain other noblemen pledge themselves to wear a special coat and a uniform cap, a red cap, if I remember aright, with a white button.

That fashion, if it ever became one, died out and it is rather singular that in a nation so given over to colours as we are, few if any golfers have ever played deliberately in coloured caps. We golfers now give free rein to our local patriotism and our love of colours only in the matter of ties. To be sure I must not forget that black velvet cap which used to form part and I think on solemn occasions a compulsory part of the uniform of the Edinburgh Burgess (now the Royal Burgess); I well remember the sight of Mr. Angus Macdonald playing in it and his red coat, but I fear it has lapsed into desuetude. I also saw, and I must be one of the few now who did, Mr. John Low as a Cambridge undergraduate playing in a light blue cap adorned with crossed clubs of silver. That was even then, in 1892, rather a bold and dashing thing to do. By 1895, when I first became the possessor of such a treasure, it was merely a decoration for the corner of a photograph; the hardest would scarcely have worn it in public. I suppose Oxford had a cap on similar lines but my eyes never beheld it. We all relapsed into the common or garden cloth cap.

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Superficially one cloth cap is much like another. It is true that the shape has greatly changed since the 'nineties, true also that the more naturally flamboyant have always worn the more dashing checks, but still the question may be asked—what's in a cap? Not much perhaps in colour or pattern but a great deal in the way its owner wears it. It can be eminently characteristic, an eloquent vehicle of emotion. I have mentioned Mr. Hilton's cap that in his early years always fell off. His hair in those days, if I remember rightly, stood up in something of a crest in front, so that his cap was naturally poised on the back of his head and had the more precarious tenure in consequence. But anyone who really wanted to see how much could be expressed by a cap must watch J. H. Taylor. When he pulled it well down over his eyes in

the face of the wind it imparted a truly daunting determination to his always resolute features; not only his adversary but the very elements themselves must needs take warning. I have one trivial and yet wonderfully clear picture of that cap of his from the final of the *News of the World* Tournament in which he met Fred Robson in 1908. Robson, then young and comparatively unknown, had had the audacity to be three up at lunch, and at Mid Surrey too of all places, but J. H. had pulled the game round and on the 17th green he had a putt of no extraordinary length for the match. He took off his cap carefully mopped his brow and then missed the putt. However, he made no mistake at the home hole.

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To-day there are few caps of character left except Mr. Arnold Read's, which defies analysis, and, of course, Sir Guy Campbell's, in the manner of the Great Panjandrum with the little button on the top. So let me turn to hats. I have visions of Mr. Herbert Fowler vast and impressive in a vast panama. Then there is one historic and sinister hat, the white linen one of Mr. Walter Travis, in which he so upset our national complacency at Sandwich. It made his sallow and rather saturnine countenance look the darker, his cigar the blacker. It is part of an unforgettable picture. A friendlier and equally memorable hat is that which Edward Ray always wore. I suppose that when he first appeared at Sandwich, straight from his native Jersey with half a dozen clubs, he may have conformed to the cap, but as soon as he grew famous he always wore some form of "Trilby" or "Homburg" hat, not of a noticeably fashionable air or cut. I cannot see him in any other. Vardon, unless my memory is playing me tricks wore just such another green hat when he and Ray played off their famous tie with Francis Ouimet, but primarily he was a cap man. Mr. Edward Blackwell's hat is a familiar spectacle, too, in his later years of play and no doubt there are others, but there is none quite to take the place of Ray's; he, his hat and his pipe made an inseparable trinity.

To-day this is all dusty old history or very nearly so, for nobody wears anything on his head, unless he has one foot in the grave. I have been staying for some time in Cambridge and, apart from coats and trousers, the attire of youth is invariably the same: a bright coloured scarf round the neck and a tousled head of hair. The poor cap is dead and I cannot help feeling quite sorry for the hatters. Just when I come to the end of my quota of paper it occurs to me that I have said nothing of the hats the ladies wear at golf. But then do they wear hats or do they wear the bandeau of Mlle Lenglen? It is odd and lamentable, but after all the Worpletons I cannot remember. I can only suppose that the *tout ensemble* is so dazzling that the details have escaped me.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## HOLE IN THE WALL

SIR—An unmannerly alliance of petrol pumps and guest-house signs with 16th-17th-century architecture in Ightham, rare flower among Kent villages, while the cause of complaint by a correspondent on February 24, brings to the mind of most of us many another unblushing union of aged loveliness and uniformed inelegance in the rustic landscape.

Happily, insensitiveness in these matters yields often to imaginative direction; unhappily, though, as the crimes of taste multiply, the honourable exceptions escape record in print, where they might serve as exemplars.

The design—is it good? The position—is it seemly? I think of a village where neither design nor site of a pump was put on public trial: judgment was avoided by resort to man's oldest trick of all—concealment; or, to euphemise, camouflage—the art to which we may be driven.

In the village street of Aldermaston, where it mounts from the green valley of the Kennet to whispering fir-woods of the Berkshire-Hampshire border, looking for a petrol store, I saw the word Shell, and hardly more. The name was just above an ancient wall, in good preservation, in a street where every window and door shone with house-pride and any vagrant cartou must have crumpled with shame.

Here there lingered, I felt, the despotism of a passing age, that of the squire.

The pump—where was that? The man behind the wall explained good-humouredly with the ease of frequent re-telling. He named the Squire, the late Charles Keyser. "I told him I wanted a pump. 'You can't put a pump there,' he said, and he turned to enter the post office. I ran after him. 'Well,' he said at last, 'if you make a small hole in your wall and put the pipe through that, you can

have your pump. But, mind, you mustn't expose the pump.'"

So, there at Aldermaston, as a motorist stops for refuelling, to his surprise a pipe bobs through that plain wall, delivers the goods, and as discreetly withdraws to a hidden well (to misquote, to a well of England undelyed).—A. G. CLARKE, 23, Parkside, London, N.W.7.

## A CHAWTON MONUMENT

SIR—The monument at Chawton, Hampshire, to Sir Richard Knight (1679), referred to in Mr. Hussey's recent articles, is, I believe, a major work by the Oxford mason William Byrd (fl. 1657-1696). Byrd was a mason of importance. He made the "modell" of the Sheldonian, upon the building of which he was employed as master-carver; was connected with Wren again over Winchester Palace; built and designed the Garden Quadrangle at New College. In 1657 Byrd "did find out the paynting or stayning of marble; a specimen of which (as Anthony Wood tells us) he presented to the King after his restoration, as also to the Queen, and in 1669 to Cosmo prince of Tuscany, when in Oxon."

Byrd as sculptor was not at his happiest when working in marble; he preferred the softer alabaster, and displayed an almost Gothic imagination, which rioted in beasts, cherub-heads and acanthus-scrolls. His lettering deserves the close study of epigraphers, the two finest of his founts being a rich baroque italic and a Roman capital—the latter being the finest known to me until Eric Gill.

The Knight monument does not exhibit him at his best, and the lettering at Chawton does not include his finest founts. Byrd's connection with Winchester being double (through Wren and through New College), it is not surprising to find his work in Hampshire.

I hope that I may be forgiven the use of the printer's term "fount" for an incised inscription. Those who delight in fine lettering will find in the churchyard of the Hampshire village, Bishops Waltham, the work of a village mason, James Stubington, who flourished in the mid-eighteenth century: his headstones repay notice.—EDMUND ESDAILE, Manor Farm, Bloxham, Banbury, Oxfordshire.

## "SPRING?"

SIR—Has anyone in other parts of England noticed a similar phenomenon to that which is taking place here? I refer to the movements of thousands of frogs, complete with their mates, which are on their way to the nearest water. The road to the main highway is covered with them, especially in the evening. This was on February 18, and the Frog Festival, as one might call it, was not in full swing last year until about the third week in May—May 18, if I remember, i.e. three months later.

Surely we are either to have a remarkably early season, with, most likely, a disastrous aftermath of cold and delayed Winter, or something

has gone very wrong with the seasons, for Nature's harbinger of Spring, the frog, relies on instinct for guidance and is unlikely to make a serious mistake. It would be interesting to know if other parts of the country are the same.—H. D. CLARK, Hoveton Hall, Wroxham, Norfolk.

## THE PLOUGHING OF BARROWS AND TUMULI

From Sir Cyril Fox

SIR—Everybody who is associated directly or indirectly with agriculture is familiar with the long or round mounds commonly described as barrows, tumuli or tumps, which are seen in large numbers in England and Wales, particularly in chalk or limestone districts.

Most of these barrows are composed mainly of earth; some are of stone, and these are properly described as cairns. They cover burials by inhumation or cremation, the great majority being prehistoric; of these a high proportion are to be dated in the Bronze Age, 1800-500 B.C. Barrows are one of the chief sources of accurate knowledge of the early history of Man in Britain, his religious beliefs, and his cultural connections with continental people; it is therefore important that they should be protected from damage so far as is possible. Very many barrows are under plough, and this has been going on for generations without serious damage; but the methods of cultivation now adopted bite much deeper into these ancient structures. Tractor ploughs may and do tear into the core of the barrows; they displace secondary burials, which are not infrequent. A tractor plough should go round a barrow instead of over it whenever this is reasonably possible.

The most important barrows from the point of scientific archaeology are those on downland or moorland which are complete in every respect and have never been under plough. Many such areas of pasture land or rough grazing have been ploughed up in this war, and many more doubtless will be before it is over; the Council for British Archaeology, on whose behalf I write, strongly urges that all barrows on such land should be by-passed by cultivators.

My Council is well aware of the efforts made by War Agricultural Committees, in collaboration with the Ancient Monuments Department of the Ministry of Works to avoid the ploughing of these ancient structures; this letter then is written to express the Council's appreciation of the valuable work of preservation so far accomplished, to beg for its continuance, and to urge on all whom it may concern the importance of the preservation from damage or destruction of these familiar and irreplaceable relics of our past.—CYRIL FOX, President, Council for British Archaeology, London, N.W.1.

## PUBLIC BAROMETERS

SIR—In the middle of the long, low Georgian front of the Lansdowne Arms at Calne, Wiltshire, in a space where one might expect to see a clock facing out on to the square, there is a large circular barometer some 4 ft. in diameter. How long it has been there I do not know, but the present

face is clearly modern. Can any readers of COUNTRY LIFE quote a similar example elsewhere?—B. D. G. LITTLE, Bath, Somerset.

## FIRST SIGNS OF THAW

SIR—As thaw becomes more pronounced in the woodlands a hollow forms in the snow at the base of each tree, and before long there appears a circle of bare earth or grass even though the snow still lies unthawed elsewhere. This is a common sight in any wood, and one naturally supposes that it is caused by the melting of the snow on the branches and bole,



## CIRCLES ROUND THE TREES

See letter: First Signs of Thaw

which, running down the bark, helps to dissolve the snow at the bottom of the tree.

I have often wondered if that is the true explanation. On occasions when no snow has clung to the tree and when there has not been rain which would have run down the bole, those same hollows have occurred.

During the recent thaw it seemed to me that the snow did not melt quite so rapidly at the base of the few dead trees which I was able to examine. Is it possible that there is some degree of warmth in the rising sap of the living tree at this time of year? Or can the movement of the tree in the wind loosen the earth round the roots, and in some way cause the more rapid subsidence of the snow above?

The obvious explanation does not seem to be entirely convincing. Has any other occurred to any of your readers?—T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwell, Broughty Ferry, Angus.

## BEN ARTHUR

SIR—I was delighted by Mr. Kersley Holmes's article *The Top of the Cobbler* in COUNTRY LIFE of February 16.

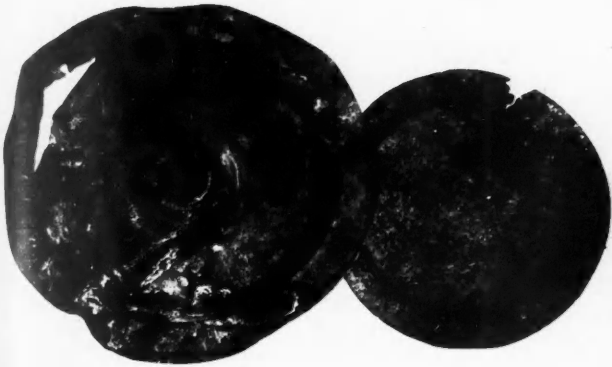
When one drives eastward through Glen Croc, and first sees Ben Arthur from the west side, i.e., the opposite side from which your photograph was taken, the mountain is the exact image of Arthur's seat in Edinburgh, only three times as high, and resembles as to the origin of the Arthur of Edinburgh hill, and no Gaelic name for a lion is anything like Arthur. There is an old Celtic word meaning a bear, but little about either hill resembles a bear. Perhaps some



WILLIAM BYRD'S MONUMENT FOR SIR RICHARD KNIGHT (1679)

See letter: A Chawton Monument





A ROSE-WATER DISH (left) FROM THE GALLEON WRECKED IN TOBERMORY BAY

See letter: An Armada Relic

of your readers may be able to trace the connection.—HARRY G. YOUNGER, Belhaven House, Dunbar, East Lothian.

### WHY A DOG SITS ON STEPS

SIR,—In your issue of January 26 you publish a photograph of a chow using garden steps as a chair. I am the possessor of an extremely girlish Airedale who also has this peculiarity. I believe the habit originates from dogs descending rather steep and narrow stairs and naturally assuming this position when forced for some reason to stop before reaching the bottom. As a result of this, certain dogs seem to acquire a taste for this attitude. Alternatively, it may be a matter of association of ideas in the dog's mind which is unable to differentiate between steep and shallow stairs.—C. KERR SMILEY (Lieut.-Col.), H.Q., 12 Corps, B.L.A.

### A MEMORIAL OF THE CIVIL WAR

SIR,—A letter under the heading *A Memorial of the Civil War* appeared in your issue of November 3 last, which has just reached me. The tombstone mentioned and illustrated may be matched by one in the graveyard of the parish church at Warrington, on the Cheshire border of Lancashire, of which I was some time rector. The stone is dated 1645, and marks the grave of "Leiftennt John Yeats." On the outside of the east wall of the church can be seen marks made in 1643 by shots from the cannon of Cromwell's men. In Church Street still stands an old house where Cromwell slept in August, 1648, after he had fought and routed Duke Hambleton.—SPENCER H. ELLIOTT, *The Deanery, Victoria, British Columbia.*

### ROYAL CHINA

SIR,—Some time ago I saw in *COUNTRY LIFE* an article headed *George III's Jubilee Tea-set*, and I think it may interest your readers to know that I have in my collection here some royal china, though of a later date than George III's Jubilee breakfast set. It is part of a dessert set made for the Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew (afterwards William IV) at Worcester by Flight and Barr. Binns, in his *Century of Potting*, describes and illustrates one piece. Several other books mention the set, but say that the order was never completed. This, I believe, is incorrect. My specimens consist of four dessert plates, four variously shaped dishes, and a "cream boat" cover and stand. These are of fine quality, the decoration being somewhat reminiscent of Sevres, with the royal crown, etc., in the centre and a medallion of St. Andrew and his cross at the top.—ALMA F. W. CARTER, 24, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh.

of Paria in 1525.—J. D. W. TREHERNE, Otley High House, near Ipswich, Suffolk.

### FROM TOBERMORY BAY

SIR,—In his recent interesting article on the objects salvaged from the Armada ship in Tobermory Bay, Mr. A. A. MacGregor illustrated one of a number of pewter plates which were acquired by the late Mr. Antonio de Navarro and asks as to their whereabouts now. I have one in my collection, but I did not get it from Mr. Navarro, whom I knew well, but from another collector, a mutual friend, now also dead, and I fancy that probably they bought them jointly. I do not know where any others are now, but I expect that one at least must be in the collection of pewter bequeathed by Mr. Navarro to the FitzWilliam Museum in Cambridge. Mine is exactly similar to that in Mr. MacGregor's illustration and it appears in H. H. Cotterell's *Old Pewter*, Plate 52.

The opinion is widely held and generally accepted that the ship was the *Florescia*, but Richard Hales, in his *Story of the Great Armada*, appears to favour the view that it was the much smaller ship, *San Juan de Sicilia*.—LEWIS CLAPPERTON, 2, West Regent Street, Glasgow, C.2.

### HAIR-DRESSING IN KENYA

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter and photograph entitled *Hair-dressing in Kenya* of February 2. From what I saw of the Masai natives in the East African campaign of 1914-18, I should say that Squadron Leader P. Hill has been very lucky in getting a photograph of one with such an amiable expression.

A still more extraordinary method of hair-dressing is that of the Shilluk tribes of the White Nile. This is a huge comb-like

excrescence composed of natural hair, mud and cow dung, which sets as hard as brick and is said to turn a sword cut.

I enclose a photograph of a Shilluk warrior with fashionable coiffure, in case it may interest your readers.—M. S. WOOD, *Orrest Foot, Windermere, Westmorland.*

### THE SMALLHOLDER'S PROFITS

SIR,—I was interested in your recent open letter to Service men on the subject of smallholdings, and I noticed that a man with so much ground and possessing such and such qualifications can achieve success if he has a wife to help him. I have read very many articles in favour of smallholdings and always found the assumption that the help given by a man's family is not to be considered in terms of money value against the profits of a smallholding. This surely is ridiculous. A clerk does



A SHILLUK WARRIOR'S HAIR

See letter: Hair-dressing in Kenya



PIECES FROM A DESSERT SET MADE FOR WILLIAM IV WHEN DUKE OF CLARENCE

See letter: Royal China



Under the thatched banana leaf the village smithy stands

#### A SKETCH BY LORD BADEN-POWELL

See letter: Primitive Houses

not expect his wife to make it possible for him to earn his income by doing part of the work; the profit or livelihood of a smallholding ought to be reckoned with an allowance made for the proper payment for the services of any member of the family who is required to work on it besides the owner.—ELIZABETH STEWARD, *Crouch End, N.8.*

#### PRIMITIVE HOUSES

SIR.—It has often been remarked when ancient habitation sites have been excavated that the one post hole is not in the centre of the supposed hut circle.

The enclosed sketch by the late Lord Baden-Powell, gives the explanation.

When, after some 3,000 years, the hut circles are uncovered, all that remains is perhaps a foot of decayed post in the hole and a hearth where the fire had been. In drawing the supposed circle occupied by the hut walls the hearth is almost invariably included, hence the misunderstanding of the position of the centre pole in the original construction of the hut. The hearth was, as shown in the sketch, outside the actual hut. The sketch, from life, was drawn in East Africa, and shows a native smith at work.—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.*

#### A STRANGE RELIC AT ROMSEY ABBEY

SIR.—Among the many interesting things that the observant traveller through the countryside may find in



#### A PLAIT OF HAIR FROM A PRE-CHRISTIAN GRAVE

See letter: A Strange Relic at Romsey Abbey

its old towns and interesting buildings are many relics of the distant past.

My photograph shows one of the latter, to be seen in the ambulatory at Romsey Abbey, an ancient and beautiful example of various styles of architecture, happily blended—Saxon, Norman, with details of even Saracenic origin in the honeycomb capitals of the ambulatory.

The relic in question is a plait of auburn hair, resting on a wooden

pillow in a triangular-shaped glass case. It was found during the opening of a small lead coffin during the digging of a grave in 1939, near the abbesses' doorway. The coffin lay north and south, indicating a pre-Christian burial. The contents of the coffin went to dust on being opened, with the exception of the plait of hair. No one knows, of course, to whom it belonged. But the Abbey had noble families connected with it.—ANTIQUARIAN, *Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire.*

#### OLD ENGLISH DESSERT GLASSES

From Sheelah Lady Ruggles-Brise.

SIR.—Mr. G. Bernard Hughes's articles on glasses in recent issues of COUNTRY



#### JELLY-GLASS DUG UP IN LONDON. ENGLISH, c. 1685

See letter: Old English Dessert Glasses

LIFE have interested me very much, but may I suggest that jelly-glasses proper began rather earlier than 1715, the date which he gives us? In *A History of English and Irish Glass* by W. A. Thorpe, Plate xxxvi, b. No. 3, there is an illustration of a lipped jelly-glass with gadrooned base which he dates at c. 1685. This was dug up in London. Mr. Francis Buckley had two similar ones which were illustrated in the *Antique Collector* in November, 1938.

Mr. G. Bernard Hughes also states that syllabub and jelly-glasses were identical, but Lady Grisell Baillie paid £1 4s. (Scots, not sterling) in 1703 for four jelly glasses, and £2 8s. in 1707 for four "sillibub" glasses, the handles of the latter probably accounting for their price being double that of the jelly-glasses. My conclusion is that the handled glasses were for syllabubs and the plain ones for jellies.—SHEELAH RUGGLES-BRISSE, *Ramsbury, Wiltshire.*

#### A FINE OLD HOUSE

SIR.—Considering the picturesque situation of Tissington Hall, it is surprising to meet so many people who visit Ashbourne and Dovedale, who have never made a pilgrimage to Tissington on the occasion of the Ascension Day well dressings. There is something that transports one to distant times in the spectacle of this great Derbyshire house thrust into the very heart of the village green, not perched on some distant hillside in the seclusion of a great park, as most mansions of the aristocracy are.

If the traveller, beguiled by the soothing atmosphere in this earthly Eden, were to fall asleep on the village green, and were to be awakened by an approaching cavalcade, he would think it the most natural thing in the world to see a party of ladies and gentlemen emerging from the old Hall gateway

with falcons and merlins on hand, a party of attendants following them up, and a motley crowd of countrymen at a still more respectful distance, anxious to see as much as they could of the favourite sports of the greatest in the land.

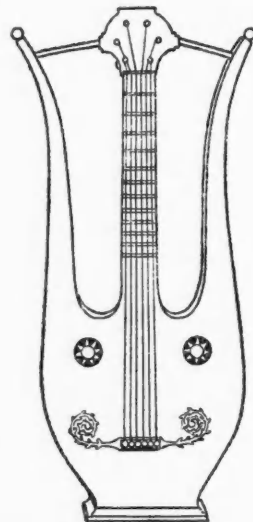
Not even at Haddon Hall does this atmosphere of the past oppress one more powerfully than at Tissington. Tissington Hall has been associated with the Fitzherbert family for four centuries. Prior to the days of cheap and rapid transit Tissington was not easy of access, and the railway journey to Ashbourne was a nightmare.—A. B. LONGBOTTOM, *Alvaston, Derbyshire.*

#### WITH HIS STOCK

SIR.—In the Buckinghamshire church at Whitchurch I came across a remarkable and very unusual marble tablet high up on the wall. It shows the figure of a man leaning on his stick against a cow, and a few sheep resting on the ground by its feet. The figure is of John Westcar, who fattened cattle and sheep for the local butchers.—J. DENTON ROBINSON, *Darlington, Durham.*

#### THE APOLLO LYRE

SIR.—The instrument described and figured by Sir Ambrose Heal in your issue of December 1, 1944, is a late and elaborately ornamented variety of the lyre-guitarre, which originated in France in the last quarter of the



#### LYRE-GUITARRE IN THE GERMAN NATIONAL MUSEUM, NURNBERG

See letter: The Apollo Lyre

eighteenth century and became popular in several European countries. The lyre-guitar, a typical form of which is here shown, was one of a group of plucked instruments that had a vogue during the latter part of the eighteenth century down to about 1830 as much for their decorative appearance as their musical value, ultimately to be

ousted by the all-conquering pianoforte.

Sir Ambrose's example differs from the typical form in having the lateral upright arms shortened and curled over to form a volute ending in a rosette, in the strongly curved stays joining them to the neck, and in the unpaired sound-hole. An examination of it has led me to conclude that the workmanship and decoration resemble those found in other contemporary



#### A CATTLE-BREEDER'S MONUMENT

See letter: With his Stock

plucked-string instruments, and suggests that Levien, whose name appears on it, was the designer but not the maker. According to R. B. Armstrong (*English and Irish Instruments*, p. 26), Mordaunt Levien was a professor of music living in Pentonville, who took out a patent in France for a seven-stringed harp-guitar. Elsewhere he has been spoken of as a French manufacturer; French he may have been, but his name does not appear in Pierre's standard *Les Facteurs d'instruments de musique*.

The nomenclature presents difficulties. Armstrong seems not to have met with the name lyre-guitar in any publication before 1870, and to have known all examples as either the lyre, the Apollo lyre, or the French lyre, which he says "is an instrument very similar to the Apollo lyre. It usually has a stand." But so has the Apollo lyre. It remains doubtful what each name denotes or whether they are co-extensive. Moreover, about 1802 a Berlin maker brought out a guitar-like instrument, the Apollina, which seems to be of the same breed.

Mr. Leicester-Warren's instrument, described in your issue of December 22, is probably an example of Edward Light's harp-lute, produced about 1800.

None of these instruments can be identified with the vihuela, as was suggested by a correspondent in your issue of January 5. The *Oxford Companion to Music* states clearly that after the sixteenth century the vihuela "fell into complete disuse until, in the 1930's, one example of the instrument was found to be in existence in a museum in Paris."—W. F. H. BLANDFORD, 4, Lee Road, Blackthorn, S.E.3.



#### A GREAT HOUSE ON A VILLAGE GREEN: TISSINGTON HALL

See letter: A Fine Old House





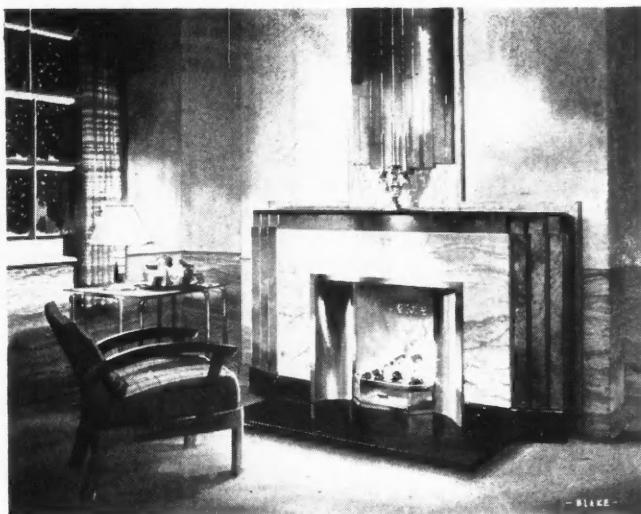
Whatever form the future Rover cars may take, the immediate post-war models will be very like those of 1940. We shall hold tight to the proven excellence of the past, while examining the prospects which lie ahead.

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## MODERN EQUIPMENT FOR MODERN HOMES

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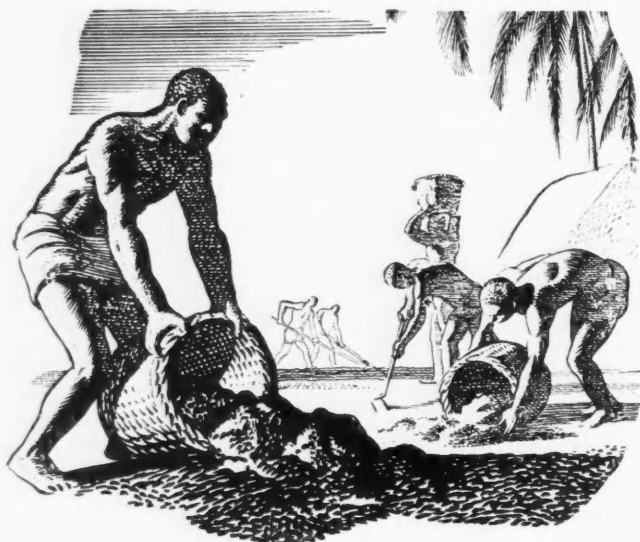
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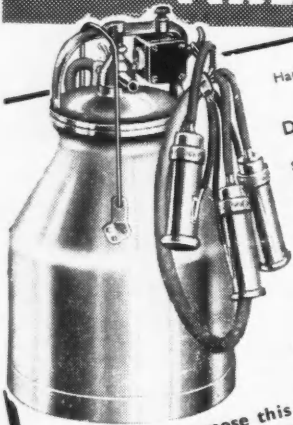
### Under the tropical sun

Native farmers in the tropics work a plot of land year after year without a break until it is completely exhausted. They then abandon it, clear another patch and proceed to work it to death, and so on. This wastage of the earth's surface has been going on for many centuries and will only be ended by the adoption of fixed as opposed to shifting cultivation.

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## FARMING NOTES

# THE FARMERS' WAR GOES ON

**M**OST of us were hoping to be able to sow some more grass and clover seeds this Spring and to reduce the corn acreage from 1946 onwards. These hopes now stand deferred. If the fighting in Europe had been finished last Autumn or even early this Spring, there would have been more ships free to bring in additional grain in six months' or a year's time, but strenuous fighting has been prolonged, and both the Americans and we ourselves are bound to earmark a great many ships for the supplies of the European war while building up strength for the final blow in the Pacific war zone. Shipping space will be precious for many months to come. This, I am told, is the reason underlying the instructions which Mr. Hudson has sent to the War Agricultural Committees in the counties telling them that they must do their utmost to maintain the acreage of tillage crops not only in 1945 but in 1946.

### The Tillage Acreage

**T**HIS will mean that individual farmers will not be able to seed out this Spring as many fields as they had intended. There is some further ploughing of old grass land which can be done in compensation for additional fields sown to leys so as to maintain the same tillage acreage through 1946, but there is not much enthusiasm for the further ploughing of old grass. In the clay-land areas farmers found that it took two or three years of arable cultivations before they got a full crop on this turf land. It is now in shape for tillage cropping and their inclination will no doubt be to keep it in tillage rather than seed out to grass additional fields this Spring which would involve them in further ploughing of old turf if they are to maintain the same tillage acreage. No one will deny that there are a good many fields which have carried a full share of white straw crops during the war years. Some of these fields have had a one-year ley, but if this was cropped for hay and not grazed the beneficial effect in restoring organic fertility was very limited. We ought to be putting down more leys, particularly three- and four-year mixtures this Spring, but if the demands of war dictate otherwise we must, I suppose, carry on as best we can.

### The Ministry and Prices

**T**HE leaders of the National Farmers' Union came away from their price discussions at the Ministry of Agriculture satisfied that the Government will stand to the price-fixing arrangements that were agreed last Autumn. When it was announced that the national minimum wage for farm-workers was to be raised to 70/- a week there was a good deal of doubt about the effect on produce prices. Some people thought that as the urge for maximum production was likely to be less, the price of grain crops would be reduced even though wages went up. But so long as there is need for the fullest possible output of tillage crops from second-class and marginal land as well as the true arable and natural first-class quality, prices cannot be reduced much. If they were, production would suffer, and the nation cannot afford that. All the same we should like to see a shift of emphasis from crops like potatoes and wheat to livestock products such as eggs and pig meat. The milk producer has had a priority claim all through the war years, and milk prices have been adjusted frequently to keep pace with higher wage costs. No doubt they

will need a further revision now. Mr. Hudson has said that milk production will have to go on increasing to 1949 if the town consumers are to get all they want.

### The Farmers' Machinery

**M**R. CLYDE HIGGS has proved a lively broadcaster in the farming series *On Your Metal* which has just finished. Machinery does not usually make a bright subject, but he has succeeded in drawing his fellow speakers out with such good effect that a great many people, not all of them farmers, have been listening on Thursday evenings. Mr. Higgs, who is, I believe, an engineer by training, has made full use of machinery on his own farm near Stratford-on-Avon. There he has several different tractors each picked for suitability for different jobs. He is a milk producer on a large scale and this involves in war-time the handling of a large bulk of fodder crops. Silage is one of the mainstays and the making of this he has mechanised fully. Of course he has a milking machine and uses a range of mechanical equipment in handling the milk and putting it on the retail round he has in the locality. Mr. Clyde Higgs certainly justified the B.B.C.'s choice of a chairman for this series, and I hope that we may hear him again next Winter.

### Kale for Silage

**K**ALE silage is something worth thinking about. I did not take this idea seriously until I heard the other day what some farmers in Wales had been doing. I always felt that it was unnecessary to take the trouble to make silage from kale because we could usually count on the kale keeping its green leaves until Christmas and even into the New Year. Why trouble to chop it up and make silage when it can be used economically straight from the field from the first half of the Winter and after then we can rely on mangolds to see us through until the grass shoots again? In Wales they cannot grow mangolds successfully and kale is the crop that does best with them. The chemists say that the feeding value of kale falls away after November, even if most of the leaves stay on the stems and that a higher quality fodder can be saved by making silage of kale cut in October than by leaving it in the field and carting direct to the cows later in the Winter.

### A Peripatetic Silage Team

**B**UT the main consideration which has made these Welsh farmers turn to kale silage is the difficulty they have in getting time in the Winter to haul in kale every day or every other day. They have joined forces and arranged with the War Agricultural Committee for a team to go round their farms in October with a chopping machine and someone who knows about kale silage. The team may go to one farm in the morning and another in the afternoon, say on Monday and then come round again on Thursday. In the meantime the farmer will have cut some more of his kale and got it ready for the chopper. It must be a convenience to get all this work through in October and to have the kale silage just where it is wanted handy for the cowshed during the Winter. It is not necessary to have a built-up silo. What these farmers are doing is making up clamps and, although there is some wastage at the sides, they have found that the main bulk of the kale silage has a high feeding value. Their cows like it and milk well on it. CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## SAFEGUARDING AMENITIES

**M**OVED by the recital of the struggle in Hampstead, N.W., for the preservation of certain venerable residences in Well Walk, a correspondent has favoured us with a list of about half a dozen areas which he thinks are suitable for use as sites for blocks of working-class flats. The list, however, would be incomprehensible to anyone not acquainted with the borough, but this much may be said, that two of them at least indicate large spaces of uncovered land, and the clearance from the others of the mean Victorian houses or cottages at present encumbering them might be to the benefit of all concerned.

## WIDESPREAD CONCERN AT CHANGES

**T**HE Well Walk controversy has reached the House of Commons. The Minister of Health has, in reply to a question by Mr. Keeling, the Member for Twickenham, given an assurance that before anything is decided as to the demolition of Nos. 7 and 9, Well Walk, he will take the opinion of the Minister of Town and Country Planning and the Royal Fine Arts Commission. It may be recalled that some of the opponents of the proposal of the Borough Council, to acquire the Well Walk corner, seemed to favour the acquisition of the Victorian mansion known as The Logs in Well Road, the thoroughfare that runs parallel with Well Walk a little further up the East Heath Road.

## CANNON HALL: AN OLD "LOCK-UP"

**P**ERHAPS, if that proposal promised to find acceptance someone would plead that to erect a high block of flats on that land would impair the undoubtedly picturesque and antique charm of the adjacent Cannon Hall. The latter house represents an authentic page of Hampstead history, and the grounds still contain something of which few examples survive anywhere, to wit, the old lock-up. This superb old Georgian Hall, for many years the home of the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, has about an acre of garden, within 100 yards of Hampstead Heath. The successive Justices of the Peace who lived in Cannon Hall had their justice room in what is now a study, and could comfortably try the culprits whose misdoings had kept them in the lock-up all night. The lock-up was in use until "the new Police" were instituted in 1832. The Hall derives its name from some old pieces of ordnance, of uncertain origin, but believed to be part of the armament of a 17th-century warship. Two of the cannon are bronze, bearing inscriptions—"MIT . . . Le Gos Mich Ludewich W. Endahl" ("Made by God's help by Ludewich W. Endahl"). Probably Sir James Cosmo Melville, a secretary of the East India Company, placed the guns in Hampstead, for, like Sir Noah Thomas, Physician-in-Ordinary to George III, he held the Hall for some years. The garden, surrounded by a very high brick wall, 14 to 15 feet high, is noteworthy for a fine specimen of the ginkgo, or Japanese maidenhair tree. Cannon Hall has for a year or two been on offer of sale through local and other agents, and it was submitted to auction in 1934, by order of Lady du Maurier.

## SWEEPING AWAY FINE SURVIVALS

**M**OST of the suburbs show examples of old houses that were originally the cherished homes of well-to-do people who prized the extensive

gardens, and enjoyed all the advantages of a real *rus in urbe*. The recent sale for over £130,000 of ground rents in Beckenham was a reminder of how the once spacious grounds of suburban houses have been dealt with by successive owners. What has happened in so many instances is, first an outlying strip of garden is turned into sites for small houses, then more and more of the grounds are put to a like use, and the original residence assumes a painful lack of proportion. Shorn of its gardens and vacated by the early class of owner, the old house was sometimes converted into a private school, like David Copperfield's Salem House in South London, or Miss Pinkerton's Academy for young ladies at Chiswick. The more remunerative modern use of some old suburban freeholds is now very often as a site for picture-theatres, and Hampstead has in recent years seen at least one very large house swept away, and in its place a cinema substituted and flanked by a block of flats. Grand old trees have gone on that side of the main road, and a profitable use of part of the open land opposite has led to the building of another huge lot of flats. Less than ever can owners be blamed for these changes in view of the increasing burden of taxation, and those who are still in possession of realisable freeholds are apt to look with resentment on recent town-planning restrictions.

## A TEMPORARY LULL

**T**HE inflow of farms and rural residential freeholds seems to have dropped to a low point in the last few weeks. Reports of auctions of this class of property reveal no special reason for this, the percentage of successful offerings remaining quite satisfactory. Of course, it has all along been evident that the saleable supply of farms with immediate possession has a very definite limit, and that owners who hold land as an investment have no inducement to part with it. A resumption of activity may be expected soon, for preparations are practically completed to place important estates at the disposal of the highest bidders. Meanwhile the feature of the market is the increasing competition for all sorts of urban investments, but these are of only the narrowest interest as a rule. Common to most of the transactions is the evidence of rising prices, and many of the so-called investments are more remarkable for the stereotyped upward limit of yield than their prospect of being trouble-free for their buyers.

## SCOTTISH SALES

**T**HE conclusion of a series of sales totalling 4,930 acres, in Aberdeenshire, is notified by Messrs. Fox and Sons. The property, formerly owned by the late Sir Leybourne Davidson, is on the outskirts of the town of Huntly, and the agents have dealt with it, mostly by auction, when four months ago they found a ready market for the farms and fishing rights. The mansion, Huntly Lodge with extensive grounds and walled kitchen garden, and long avenue, did not, however, evoke an acceptable offer. A correspondent says that the mansion has been bought to be converted into a private hotel. The salmon fishing in the Deveron is first-rate.

Lieutenant-General Sir William M. Thomson has accepted an offer from Mr. S. L. Courtauld for the Muckairn estate in Argyllshire. It is a finely placed mansion, in the Scottish baronial style, in the midst of 2,400 acres near Loch Etive. The sale was effected through the agency of Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele. **ARBITER.**

Sutton's



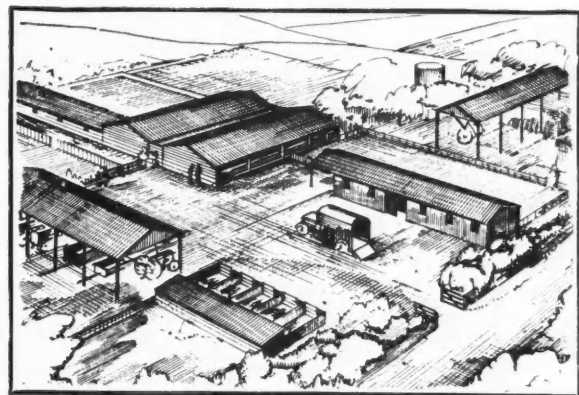
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## NEW BOOKS

# A SHERLOCK HOLMES OF FLOWERS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

**M**R. ANDREW YOUNG, the author of a charming book called *A Prospect of Flowers* (Cape, 10s. 6d.), is amusingly uncertain about his own status. There are, it seems, botanists and botanophiles. The distinction, the author tells us, was made by Linnaeus to differentiate a person who "describes and classifies plants" from one who "studies their anatomy and physiology."

Mr. Young disclaims being a botanist. He doesn't even "know their language." He is not sure even of a place among botanophiles in the restricted sense in which a botanophil is "a person who, without being a botanist, is interested in plants." He is "not even a gardener."

At any rate, nobody can read his book without deciding that here is an excellent companion with a great gift for seeing and describing flowers. Let us leave it at that. For myself, I like him best when he is writing about the flowers we all know. He has his other moods. He will go off, like Sherlock Holmes on the scent of a crime, at the first rumour of a rare flower to be seen half-way across the country. He will spend hours or days searching for it, and when he comes to describe what he has found, we are, as the fit takes us, amused or annoyed by so much to-do about so little.

And when he has found this precious thing, should he stand and gaze or pick it? There is a problem that seems to worry him a lot. Sometimes he picks and repents. "A sense of shame swept over me." His attitude to flowers is rather like Mr. Pepys's attitude to women: a compound of shame and frowardness.

### TWO-FOLD INTEREST

So, for me, there was a two-fold interest in this book: a privy and somewhat amused conception of the author, and a great enjoyment of his manner of writing. He is a good hand at turning a sentence, as when he speaks of the larch: "almost too active a tree, growing faster than most trees and shooting up straight and tall, it is apt to fall into the builder's hands and become, as it were, its own scaffold"; or when, speaking of the pollen that falls from hazel catkins, he says: "I have seen a girl breaking off a hazel-branch, almost disappear from sight, like Aphrodite in a golden cloud." His descriptions are both poetic and accurate. You could hardly better his words on the female flowers of the hazel: "their crimson stigmas waving like a small sea-anemone from a fat bud."

Another pleasing thing about the book is the extent of the author's knowledge of what the poets have had to say about trees and flowers. The pages are peppered with quotations drawn out of the whole extent of English letters, though, as the author

admits, "poets have some peculiar ideas about plants." And not only poets. An admired novelist, recently deceased, speaks in one of his best-known books of the sea anemones growing on the cliff.

There is a phrase in the book that puzzled me. Speaking of that noble columnar tree, the Irish yew, standing

as straight as a cypress, the author says: "That they cannot reproduce themselves by seeds implies that they are varieties of the ordinary Yew." Does this mean that the ordinary yew does not reproduce itself by seed? Perhaps it does not, but if it does I am at a loss to understand what is happening in my own garden. The

garden is separated by no more than a sunk lane from the village churchyard, and in the churchyard are some fine hoary, but still fruitful, examples of the ordinary yew. There is also an avenue of Irish yews.

### GARDEN PLAGUES

One thing that plagues my garden is unwanted self-sown seedlings of large trees. The sycamore is the worst offender. I pull up literally hundreds every year. Ash, holly, oak, and bay occur in large numbers, too, but the yew is the most plentiful after the sycamore. I throw away scores and put dozens into a nursery garden, where they are cultivated to fill thin spots in hedges.

Where do these yews come from if they are not propagated by seeds carried across the lane by birds? Certainly, the Irish yew does not seem to propagate itself in this way. All my seedlings are of the ordinary yew, with its outward-flowing branches. I say I find Mr. Young's sentence perplexing.

I share his surprise at the barrenness of the elm. "The elm's redness," he writes, "comes from its flowers. These appear so soon, that even in March they may be replaced by their round-winged fruits, giving the tree a thickness that one might suppose was due to its bursting buds. Yet the fruits are so much barren waste."

That is true. I have a range of elms running along a few hundred yards. The lawn beneath them will soon be, as in every Spring, rusty with the rain of dead flowers; but I have never seen an elm seedling. But the tree sends its roots below ground for long distances and the suckers come up in unexpected places. The lawnmower shaves them off a hundred paces from the parent tree.

This is an unusually good and amusing and well-written book. Among other things, it has assembled many of the extraordinary legends that have grown up around flowers. I had never heard before that it is considered dangerous to uproot a peony and that Josephus has recorded how dogs were used for the purpose, being attached to the root by a string. "But the dog



dies immediately, as it were, instead of the man that would take the plant away." Recently, transferring a lot of scattered peonies from here and there in the garden to one bed, I took a risk, for "it is said that a woodpecker, seeing anyone pick a peony, strikes him blind." However, I live to tell the tale, though we have woodpeckers a-plenty. I wish they would confine themselves to pecking wood, instead of tearing the lawn to pieces.

#### INSECT PICTURES

As Mr. Young has pried into the ways of "the meanest flower that blows," so Mr. Edwin Way Teale, in *Grass-root Jungles* (Robert Hale, 25s.), has taken his eye and his camera to the exploration of the insect world. Looking at his wonderful collection of enlarged photographs, a doubt assailed my mind. Is this really the way in which we should go to the ant and consider the way of the bees? Some of these creatures look fearsome. The praying mantis is a dream of horror, and a wasp's jaws, many times magnified, look capable of doing the work of a bulldozer.

Supposing we were magnified to comparable size. Should we look such beauties? Our eyebrows and eyelashes would be like hedges, the pores of our skin like shell-holes, and our teeth would appear to be an arrangement of tombstones, cunningly set on a hinged apparatus that, it would seem, would permit us to masticate oxen. And so this little game of remaining ourselves Lilliputian, while allowing the camera to give insects a Brobdingnagian size, seems to me rather dubious.

This world of the insects could be altogether terrifying if we did not bring to it a sense of proportion. "Five hundred species of insects inhabit apple trees alone." "Scientists of the U.S. Department of Agriculture estimate that there are 25,000,000 insects in the air above each square mile of the earth's surface. A British entomologist, after making tests in an English pasture, calculated that more than 3,500,000 insects live in the soil under each acre of meadowland. Some infested wheatfields have 15,000,000 chinch bugs in a single acre of grain."

This is the prolific and prodigious world into which Mr. Teale leads us, and its boundaries are ever expanding.

These insects have beaten man in the struggle for survival. "Four-fifths of the fossil insects which science has discovered preserved in amber and limestone belong to families or orders that exist to-day."

Some of these creatures live for years. "Workers" among ants have survived in captivity for seven years and queens for fifteen. On the other hand, there are *ephemera* whose demand upon life is so small that they are not even provided with stomachs.

#### THE INVADING APHIS

Most prolific is the aphis or greenfly that we syringe off the rose bushes (though, for myself, I use a brush and brush them into a basin, and serve them up to the avid customers in the fish-pond). "No other living creature," says Mr. Teale, "probably approaches the fecundity of this little plant louse. Some years ago, an American biologist weighed a cabbage aphis on delicate scales. He found that it was hardly one-sixtieth as heavy as a grain of wheat. Yet he calculated that if the descendants of one aphis were permitted to multiply unhindered through the Summer season, and cabbage enough could be found in all the world to feed them, their mass would represent a total weight of 822,000,000

tons—more than the weight of all the humans inhabiting the world!"

Into such fantastic "ifs," and into the results of most patient examination of the actual habits of insects, Mr. Teale's book takes us in a series of fascinating chapters. He has conducted what he calls his "backyard safari" with both industry and imagination, and the consequence is very good reading indeed.

#### THE STORY OF POTTERY

*English Pottery and China*, by Cecilia Sempill (Collins, 4s. 6d.), is a brief and beautifully illustrated examination of our pottery, both as it produced articles for daily use and as it produced those figurines and decorative pieces on which the potter lets himself go when opportunity offers.

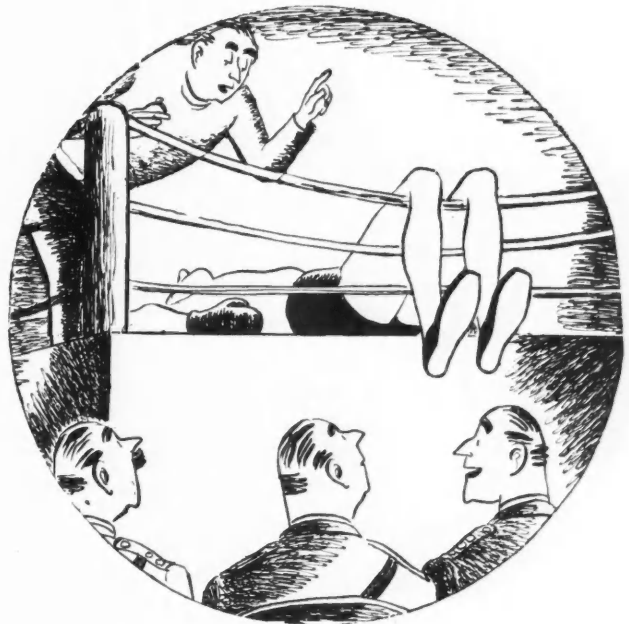
It is in the thirteenth century, Lady Sempill says, "that we begin to find really distinctive shapes in our native pottery," and from there on she takes her story up to the work of modern artist-potters like Stait Murray and Bernard Leach. There is not much to quarrel with in what is included, but it seemed to me that there was one omission and that was the work done by the Royal Lancasterian Pottery, near Manchester. It is a work which now, alas! has come to its end; but it is difficult to see how, in any survey of the story of ceramics in England, it can be denied a place. Whether one considers the individual designers such as Joyce and Gordon Forsyth, or the beauty of the shapes and lustres, or the manipulation of the clay by such potters as Radford, one can hardly help admitting that this comparatively short-lived venture added something of importance to the story and produced works which are likely in years to come to be sought and treasured for their beauty.

#### PERFORMANCE AND PROMISE

TWO things strike one immediately about James Monahan's poems, *Far From The Land* (Macmillan, 4s.). The first is that anyone can understand them; the second that, in spite of this, there is not a reach-me-down phrase in the book. After that realisation comes a second reading, with leisurely enjoyment of each skillfully avoided cliché, each attained stroke of vividness. The author, who was on the staff of *The Manchester Guardian* before the war, is now a commando officer, and we are told that many of these poems have been written in the strenuous conditions of that life. There is a dash and gaiety about a number of them that makes this easy to believe, but it is never there at the expense of craftsmanship. Here, we surmise, is one of the likeliest poets of the future, a young man with honesty, imagination, heart, fire and the sorcery of words. Two of his most poignant poems are *Ludgate Hill—December Night* and *Ghosts (Three years after the Battle of Britain)*, the latter a moving, eerie experience beautifully recorded. *The Feckless Years* is grimly good, *The Fire* tenderly so. Best of all in his lighter manner is *Albertine Asks for a Poem*, in which a young husband tells a young wife of her various lovelinesses, including the early morning one:

When tradesmen ring and you must pay—  
time is the young, unpowdered morning,  
solemnities of self-adorning  
or broken off or not begun;  
one comb in a disobedient bun  
of flagrant gold—ah! there is the grace,  
the royal, bewitching, private face,  
allowed for nobody to see  
except the errand-boys and me.

James Monahan is a name for lovers of poetry to keep in mind. V. H. F.



"... and at Saxone they measure both feet"

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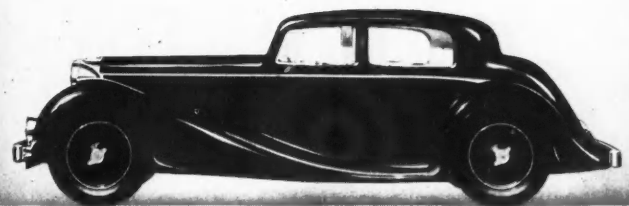
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# SPRING SUITS



PHOTOGRAPHS: DERMOT CONOLLY

- Black facecloth suit with double seaming, gold buttons and a white tie-silk blouse  
*Spectator model from Finnigans*

- (Right) Grey worsted jacket and dress, the jacket with neckband and bow piped with white, the dress short-sleeved with a darted waistline  
*Spectator model from Harvey Nichols*

**W**HITE linen, plain and printed with small scarlet fishes, sea shells and dolphins, white worsted, white flannel, white Bermuda "doeskin" are among the fabrics shown recently in London for sport and beach clothes for the export market. Tweeds and linens are smooth surfaced if we compare them with the pre-war fashions; white, off-white and warm tones of mushroom brown and honey beige, alone or two or three together, predominated in the Show. The fine white worsteds used for shirts were outstanding. Shorts with apron tops in the red and white patterned linen were shown with linen shirts, the shorts with cuffs on the hems, the shirts with high mannish necklines. White worsted made a dashing skating dress cut on the lines of a young girl's double-breasted overcoat with many small godets in the skirt. A beige Bedford cord jacket plainly cut on square boxy lines had just the right

swing to wear over slacks. Whipcord was combined with a West of England tweed, checked in mixed neutrals, for a suit with narrow lines of the check inserted to emphasize the edges of pockets, revers and the seams of the skirt. The long jackets were darted at the waistline to soften the severity of the tailored lines. Daffodil yellow flannel made a resort suit. Jerkins were shown in beige whipcord and dove grey tweed worn with beige slacks and white shirt with long sleeves. Cigar brown pin-striped flannel was another Summer suit material, used for the home market as well as for export.

Sandals for sunny beaches were the star turn in an interesting exhibition of Brevitt's shoes, the bulk of which were intended for overseas, with just a few for the home market. The sandals showed a new line for a platform sole where the sole projected outside the foot as a rim. This has not the effect of making the foot look large—in fact the reverse—and was put with a wedge heel. The sandals were light and elegant, some in suède, black or white, others in soft tan or white calf. Afternoon suèdes were tied up round the ankles, so that the suède looked like draped bands of crêpe de chine, with the toes and heels cut out, some more than others. Square toes and heels were featured on strapped sandals in Mexican tan leather, the straps narrow and criss-crossed elaborately, or broad with a triangular shaped turnback on top of the foot. High-heeled black suèdes, light shoes for afternoon and dancing, were stitched right across the vamp, the stitching following the lines of the







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rayon tweeds made by the new process with an extra long staple. The corded silk suits in cigar brown, beige, black and navy are elegant, with long fitted jackets, box-pleated skirts stitched on the creases and printed tie-silk blouses in mixed colours. Corduroy and cut velvet suits in black or dove grey are worn with cyclamen, cherry, jade green or white crêpe or satin blouses tying at the throat, with massive lapel ornaments and coarse straw boaters perched on top of an up-swept coiffure. Sometimes a wool suit is collarless as the Spectator Model we have photographed, and the bow of

tulle or straw. Or a swathed turban will be folded high and a disc of shining straw inserted in the open top. These turbans in black with a black suit and a cherry blouse are exceedingly smart, or the turban can match the blouse—candy pink, aquamarine or biscuit.

Some lovely rayons, marocains and crêpes, with plain or granite surfaces make the blouses for the new suits. There are also twill rayons and marisettes. A charming white blouse at Hardy Amies is in the moss crêpe with a neat turn-down collar, a narrow stitched band down the front enclosing buttons and three-quarter sleeves that pouch over the elbow. This same moss crêpe in grey blue makes a back-fastening blouse with absolutely plain sleeves. Semi-sheer black marisette has three rows of Victorian bobbles and tassels making a band round the neck and edging the plain three-quarter sleeves. This was shown with a plain black tailor-made with a jacket with the detail work inconspicuously placed to mould it to the figure by narrow inlet bands and gussets. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

foot, smooth and fitting like a glove, right up to the ankle bone on the inside, cut away on the outside. The same model was perforated and given a lower heel for this country. Walking shoes designed for England had low wedges and tongues or buckles in front, some two small buckles across the front, others one large one placed well to one side. Court shoes with leather heels and low cut vamps are finished with a buckle and strap at the side, the size of a wrist-watch strap. The neatest shoe in the world, they are exactly right for the lighter type of suit we have photographed in black face-cloth or grey worsted with its dressmaker details, fitted waist and fancy blouse.

**S**UMMER suits with tiny waists and plenty of movement to the skirts are being shown in all the collections, in marocains printed with slogans or tweed designs, in corded silk, in moss crêpe either rayon or wool, in corduroy and cut velvet, in tropical weight woollen worsteds, in

(Above) "Double Two" shirts, with a spare collar, in a rayon that resembles a fine linen tweed and is checked or plain in all colours

(Right) Morley shirt in striped cotton, navy and white or rose pink and white, with triple flaps on the pocket and placket. From Marshall and Snelgrove

the blouse is pulled outside. Sometimes the jacket is shorter, pinched in to the tiny waist and cut away below, with wide sleeves—the way in which Worth makes them; or banded with white piqué when it is printed and worn with an enormous mushroom hat fixed on a cap of grosgrain ribbon that fits it right over the hair.

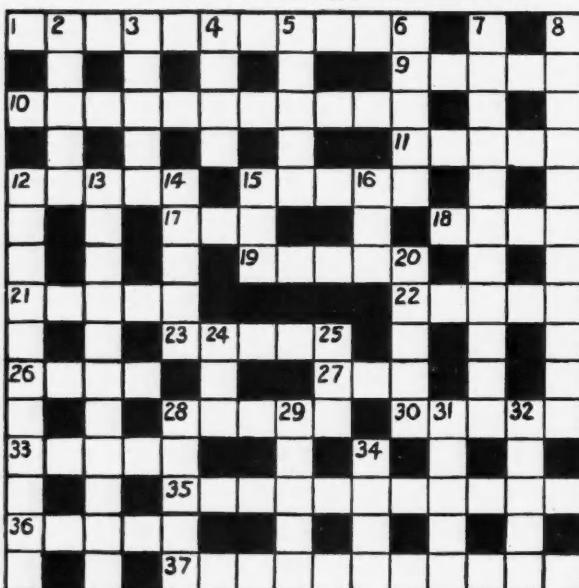
Suits with short tight skirts are shown as well. The newest have corselet skirts curved high in front and straight tailored jackets with fancy studding on collars and cuffs and fancy satin blouses below. For them there are tiny toques laden with tiny massed flowers, or one full-blown pink rose placed on top of a saucer of



## CROSSWORD No. 789

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 789, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." not later than the first post on Thursday, March 15, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

**SOLUTION TO No. 788.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 2, will be announced next week.

**ACROSS.**—1, Elongates; 6, Diary; 9, Green leaf; 10, Fives; 11, Disport; 12, Bicycle; 13, Rue; 14, Package; 17, Tarried; 19, Oil lamp; 22, Spinney; 24, Roe; 25, Operate; 26, Cockade; 29, Ingle; 30, Erudition; 31, Needy; 32, The Recess. **DOWN.**—1, Edged; 2, Omens; 3, Gondola; 4, Theatre; 5, Safe bet; 6, Defacer; 7, Affection; 8, Yesterday; 14, Promotion; 15, Colleague; 16, Gum; 18, Asp; 20, Academy; 21, Prevent; 22, Seclude; 23, Incline; 27, Alice; 28, Ennis.

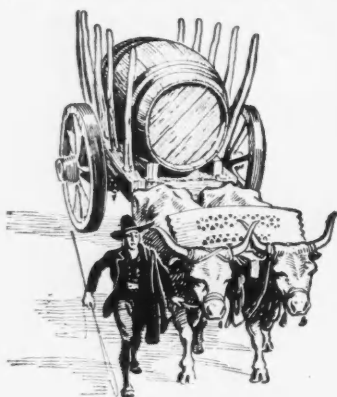
### ACROSS.

1. Fatal day for Caesar (4, 2, 5)
9. One of those who have places on the boards (5)
10. This Union is in the western hemisphere (11)
11. It's a fact (5)
12. To which an Arab said farewell in song (5)
15. A big change from enmity, yet a small one (5)
17. Can storied — or animated bust.  
Back to its mansion call the fleeing breeze?  
—Thos. Gray (3)
18. Examine—a science article (4)
19. Isn't it a blemish? The Cockney says "No" (5)
21. It gets a patient's blood up (5)
22. Armed conflict in the Christian era (5)
23. Long (5)
26. If wild ones are sown does one grow sage? (4)
27. Dramatic direction to a damned spot (3)
28. An upright order to a builder? (5)
30. A sheep gets it in the neck (5)
33. Trouble for the judge (5)
35. He should have other tongues at the tip of his tongue (11)
36. A sluggish adjustment of the first part of (35) (5)
37. Despite its name Canterbury lamb is not this (7, 4)

### DOWN.

2. A sketch made, apparently, by the medical officer for the stern of the ship (5)
3. Rewritten tales (5)
4. A cause sometimes of entomological research in the kennels (4)
5. O mix a mixture (5)
6. The sort of man to use a hand-grenade (5)
7. It has long been receptacle of hose and is still (6, 5)
8. Walking along the Bois de Boulogne with an independent air, perhaps (11)
12. Dress an imitative bird-lover might choose (11)
13. A kind of 9 across (11)
14. Territory of Cornwall and Lancaster (5)
15. Antelope, run away out of the way (3)
16. Sir Isaac Newton's weight (3)
20. A red queen's Summer-time dish (5)
24. You would be snubbed if you had 4 down in yours (3)
25. Notice after the thaw (3)
28. The best (5)
29. The eel that didn't get away might be the one to go into it (5)
31. The best (5)
32. Near a derangement (5)
34. Imitates (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 787 is  
Miss J. Collyer,  
General Hospital,  
Birmingham.



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